THE

Chearful Companion

CONTAINING

A

Select Collection

of Favourite

Scots AND English

SONGS, CATCHES, &c

Many of which are Originals.



PERTH

Printed for *J. GILLIES* Bookfeller

M DCC LXXXIII

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THE CHEARFUL COMPANION:

A COLLECTION OF

SCOTS AND ENGLISH SONGS, CATCHES AND GLEES.

By Muſic minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low;
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs:
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds.

POPE.

THE THIRD EDITION.

PERTH:

PRINTED FOR JOHN GILLIES.

MDCCLXXXIII.

TO

Her GRACE the DUCHESS *of ATHOLE*,

THE FOLLOWING

COLLECTION OF SONGS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A TESTIMONY OF RESPECT,

BY HER GRACE'S

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

JOHN GILLIES.

5 JY 62

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE very favourable reception which the firſt edition of the CHEARFUL COMPANION met with from the Public, has induced the Publiſher to preſent them with a new edition, which, by the aſſiſtance of various intelligent correſpondents, he flatters himſelf he has been enabled to render more worthy of their countenance. It is freed from ſuch typographical errors as had inadvertantly crept into the firſt edition; and contains, beſides, a conſiderable number of celebrated Songs not formerly inſerted, which are ſung in the moſt polite aſſemblies in Britain.

PERTH, 1783.

5 JY 02

THE CHEARFUL COMPANION.

SONG I.

KING's ANTHEM.

FAME let thy trumpet ſound,
Tell all the world around,
Great GEORGE is King.
Tell Rome, and France, and Spain,
Britannia ſcorns their chain,
All their vile arts are vain,
Great GEORGE is King.

May heav'n his life defend,
And make his race extend,
Wide as his fame.
Thy choiceſt bleſſings ſhed,
On his moſt ſacred head,
And make his foes to dread,
Great GEORGE's name.

He peace and plenty brings,
While Rome's deluded Kings
Waſte and deſtroy.
Then let his people ſing,
Long live Great GEORGE our King,
From whom ſuch bleſſings ſpring,
Freedom and joy.

II.

A SONG IN BRITANNIA.

HE comes, he comes, the Hero comes, (drums;
Sound, ſound your trumpets, beat, beat your
From port to port let cannons roar,
He's welcome to the Britiſh ſhore,
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the Britiſh ſhore.

Prepare, prepare, your ſongs prepare,
Loud, loudly rend the echoing air,
From pole, to pole, your joys reſound,
For virtue is with glory crown'd,
Virtue, virtue, virtue, virtue,
Virtue is with glory crown'd.

III.

THE RAPTURE.

LOVELY nymph aſſuage my anguiſh,
At your feet a tender ſwain
Prays you will not let him languiſh,
One kind look would eaſe his pain.
Did you know the lad that courts you,
He not long need ſue in vain;
Prince of ſong, of dance, and ſports——you
Scarce will meet his like again.

IV.

A FAVOURITE AIR,

SUNG BY MISS CATLEY, IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

COME, come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,
That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and ſteepy mountains yield.
And I will make thee beds of roſes,
And twine a thouſand am'rous poſies.
And I will, &c.

Come, come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleaſures prove,

That grove and valley, hill and field,
Or woods and ſteepy mountains yield,
To deck thee for the wake and fair,
With curious fancy I'll prepare,
A cap of flowers and rural kirtle,
Embroidered with leaves of myrtle;
A belt of ſtraw and ivy buds;
A coral claſp and amber ſtuds:
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love.
Nymphs and ſwains ſhall dance and ſing,
For thy delight each May morning,
And if theſe pleaſures may thee move,
Then come with me and be my love.

V.

KATHARINE OGIE

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's ſweet ſcent did chear my brain,
From flowers which grew ſo rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She ſhin'd though it was foggy:
I aſk'd her name: Sweet Sir, ſhe ſaid,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I ſtood a while, and did admire,
To ſee a nymph ſo ſtately;
So briſk an air there did appear,
In a country-maid ſo neatly:
Such nat'ral ſweetneſs ſhe diſplay'd,
Like a lillie in a bogie;
Diana's ſelf was ne'er array'd
Like this ſame Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who ſees thee ſure muſt prize thee;
Though thou art dreſt in robes but mean,
Yet they cannot diſguiſe thee;
Thy handſome air and graceful look,
Far excells any clowniſh rogie;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a ſhepherd ſwain!
To feed my flocks beſide thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee;
I'd think myſelf a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thouſands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd deſpiſe th' imperial throne,
And ſtateſmen's dangerous ſtations:
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
I'd ſmile at conqu'ring nations:
Might I careſs and ſtill poſſeſs
This laſs of whom I'm vogie;
For theſe are toys, and ſtill look leſs,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me ſo fine a creature,
Whoſe beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works of nature.
Clouds of deſpair ſurround my love,
That are both dark and foggy:
Pity my caſe, ye pow'rs above,
Elſe I die for Katharine Ogie,

VI.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'TWAS on the morn of ſweet May-day,
When nature painted all things gay,
Taught birds to ſing, and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair,

Young Jockey early in the morn
Aroſe and tript it o'er the lawn;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the fair.
For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful pariſh bells had rung,
With eager ſteps they trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which ſhepherds us'd to wear;
He tapt the window, Haſte, my dear;
Jenny impatient cry'd, Who's there?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the fair.
Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's faſt aſleep,
My brother's up and with the ſheep;
And will you ſtill your promiſe keep,
Which I have heard you ſwear?
And will you ever conſtant prove?
I will by all the pow'rs above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Diſpel theſe doubts, and haſte my love
With Jockey to the fair.
Diſpel thoſe doubts, &c.

Behold the ring the ſhepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride?
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there;
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be conſtant, wou'd be true;
His word was pledg'd away ſhe flew,
With cowſlips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the fair.

With cowſlips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions, blyth and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng
To hail the happy pair;
In turns there's none ſo fond as they,
They bleſs the kind propitious day,
The ſmiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the fair.

When lovely Jenny, &c.

VII.

THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroſes paint the ſweet plain,
And ſummer approacheth rejoiceth the ſwain;

The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go,
To wilds and deep glens, where the haw thorn-trees grow.

There under the ſhade of an old ſacred thorn,
With freedom he ſung his loves evening and morn:
He ſang with ſo ſaft and enchanting a ſound,
That ſylvans and fairies unſeen dane'd around.

The ſhepherd thus ſung, Tho' young Mayda be fair,
Her beauty is daſh'd with a ſcornfu' proud air:
But Sufie was handſome, and ſweetly could ſing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the ſpring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconſtant, and never ſpoke truth,
But Sufie was faithful, good humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddeſs who ſprung from the ſea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently ſour:
Then, ſighing, he wiſhed, would parents agree,
The witty ſweet Sufie his miſtreſs might be.

VIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

IF o'er the cruel tyrant Love,
A conquest I believ'd,
The flatt'ring error scarce to prove,
O let me be deceiv'd;
O let me be deceiv'd;
O let me be deceiv'd.

Forbear to fan the gentle flame,
Which Love did first create,
What was my pride is now my shame,
And must be turn'd to hate;
Then call not to my wand'ring mind,
The weakness of my heart,
Which ah! I feel too much inclin'd
To take the traitor's part,
To take the traitor's part.

IX.

AH! CHLORIS.

To the Tune of GILDEROY.

AH! Chloris, could I now but sit,
As unconcern'd as when

Your infant beauty could beget
No happineſs nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that riſing fire
Would take my reſt away.

Your charms in harmleſs childhood lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms inſenſibly
To their perfection preſt;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breaſt.

My paſſion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part:
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmoſt of his art;
To make a beauty, ſhe.

TWEED-SIDE.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose!
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed!
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those:
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty and pleasure does yield.
The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love, while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lyes asleep?

Tweed's murmurs ſhould lull her to reſt;
Kind nature indulging my bliſs,
To relieve the ſoft pain of my breaſt,
And ſteal an ambroſial kiſs.

WHAT' how ſweet are her ſmiles upon Tweed!
'Tis ſhe does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her can compare,
Love's graces around her do dwell.
She's faireſt where thouſands are fair,
Say, charmers where do they feed?
Oh! tell me at noon where they reſt,
Shall I ſeek them on ſweet winding Tay,
Or the pleaſanter banks of the Tweed.

IX.

WILLIE's RARE, AND WILLIE's FAIR.

WITH tuneful pipe and merry glee,
Young Willy won my heart,
A blyther ſwain you coudna ſee,
All beauty without art.
Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wond'rous bonny,
And Willie ſays he'll marry me,
Gin e'er he'll marry ony.

O came you by yon water side,
Pull'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willie?
Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.

Syne now the trees are in their bloom,
And flowers spread o'er all the field,
I'll meet my lad among the broom,
And lead him to my summer's shield.
Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, &c.

XII.

SONG IN THE OPERA OF THE ROSE.

O H! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to tread
My flocks upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
When now I never could know
Ye envious powers what wish to grant
My fair one's love to woo.
And Willie's fair, &c.

Can ever he'll marry only.

AH! think not to deceive me,
With flatt'ring oaths and lies;
'Tis all in vain, believe me,
For Love has piercing eyes.

A trifling present given,
Oft binds affection fast,
And grateful woman's driven
To give herself at last.

XIII.

FROM THE SAME.

IF a kiss you would gain,
Am I bound to explain?
Ah! could you not guess by my eyes?
When they, without guile,
So twinkle and smile,
A glance is enough to the wise.

XIV.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

OH! had I been by Fate decreed
Some humble cottage swain,
In fair Rosetta's sight to feed
My flocks upon the plain.

What bliss had I been born to taste,
Which now I ne'er could know?
Ye envious pow'rs! why have ye plac'd
My fair one's lot so low?

XV.

FROM THE SAME.

THE honeſt heart, whoſe thoughts are clear
From fraud, diſguiſe, and guile,
Need neither Fortune's frowning fear,
Nor court the harlot's ſmile.

The greatneſs that would make us grave,
Is but an empty thing;
What more than mirth would mortals have;
The chearful man's a king!

XVI.

THE BANKS OF THE TWEED.

RECITATIVE.

AS on the banks of Tweed I lay reclin'd
Beneath a verdant ſhade,
I heard a ſound more ſweet, than pipe or flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute;
While liſt'ning and amaz'd I turn'd my eyes,
The more I heard, the greater my ſurpriſe;
I roſe and follow'd, guided by my ear,
And in a thick-ſet grove I ſaw my dear.
Unſeen, unheard, (ſhe thought) thus ſung the maid;

AIR.

To the ſoft murmuring ſtream I will ſing of my love,
How delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
To indulge a fond paſſion for Jockey my dear,
When he's abſent I ſigh, but how blyth when he's near.
'Tis theſe rural amuſements delight my ſad heart,
Come away to my arms love, and never depart,
To his pipe I could ſing, for he's bonny and gay:
Did he know how I lov'd him, no longer he'd ſtay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale ſing half ſo ſweet;
And the ſoft melting ſtrain did kind echo repeat,
It ſo raviſh'd my heart and delighted my ear,
Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear
She, ſurpriz'd, and deteſted, ſome moments did ſtand
Like the roſe was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
Which ſhe plac'd on her breaſt, and ſaid Jockey I fear
I have been too imprudent, pray how came you here?

For to viſit my ewes, and to ſee my lambs play,
By the banks of the Tweed, and the groves I did ſtray,
But my Jenny, dear Jenny, how oft' have I ſigh'd,
And have vow'd endleſs love if you would be my bride;
To the altar of Hymen my fair one repair,
Where the knot of affection ſhall tie the fond pair,
To the pipe's ſprightly notes the gay dance we will lead,
And will bleſs the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.

XVII.

ALL I ASK OF MORTAL MAN.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph diſdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine.
Roſy wine, roſy wine,
Who bathes the wound with roſy wine.

Farewell, lovers, when they're cloy'd,
If I am ſcorn'd becauſe enjoy'd,
Sure the ſqueamiſh fops are free,
To rid me of dull company.
Sure they're free, ſure they're free,
To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms while mine can pleaſe,
I love them much, but more my eaſe;
Jealous fears me ne'er moleſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.
Break my reſt, break my reſt,
Nor faithleſs vows ſhall break my reſt.

Why ſhould they ever give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain!

All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.
While he can, while he can,
Is to love me while he can.

XVIII.

EWE-BUGHTS MARION.

WILL ye go to the ewe-bughts Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blyth blinks in her eye;
And fain wad I marry Marion
Gin Marion wad marry me.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day.

And ye's get a green say apron,
And a waistcoat of the London brown,

And wow but ye will be raping,
When ye gang to the town;
I'm young and ſtout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green;
And gin ye forſake me Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up with Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle of the cramſie,
And ſoon as my chin has nae hair on,
I ſhall come weſt and ſee ye.

XIX.

THE LASS OF PATIE's MILL.

THE laſs of Patie's mill,
So bonny blyth and gay,
In ſpite of all my ſkill,
She ſtole my heart away;
When tedding of the hay,
Bare-headed on the green;
Love midſt her looks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round and ſmooth,
Breaſts riſing in their dawn,

To age it would give youth,
To preſs them with his hand.
Through all my ſpirits ran
An ecſtacy of bliſs,
When I ſuch ſweetneſs fand,
Wrapt in a balmy kiſs.

Without the help of art,
Like flow'rs which grace the wild,
She did her ſweets impart,
Whene'er ſhe ſpoke or ſmil'd.
Her looks they were ſo mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wiſh'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hopeton's high mountains fill,
Inſur'd long life and health,
And pleaſures at my will;
I'd promiſe and fulfil,
That none but bonny ſhe,
The laſs of Patie's mill,
Should ſhare the ſame wi' me.

XXX.

JOCKEY.

MY laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
While in ſorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
Tho' blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in bloſſom, and ſweet blows the thorn,
No pleaſure they give me, in vain they look gay
There's nothing can pleaſe now, my Jockey's away,
Forlorn I ſit ſinging, and this is my ſtrain,
Haſte, haſte my dear Jockey to me back again.

When lads and their laſſes are on the green met,
They dance, and they ſing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment ſee;
Thoſe pleaſures offend me, my ſhepherd's not there,
No pleaſures I reliſh that Jockey don't ſhare;
It makes me to ſigh, I from tears ſcarce refrain;
I wiſh my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope ſhall ſuſtain me, nor will I deſpair,
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here;
On fond expectation my wiſhes I'll feaſt,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haſte:
Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain ſigh,
Who'll then be ſo bleſt or ſo happy as I;
I'll ſing on the meadows, and alter my ſtrain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

XXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG,

SUNG BY MRS. SMITH IN THE DESERTER.

SOME how my spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said what seek you pretty lass:
A little love when urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart and leads it far,
Oft leads a heart, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading oak,
That I my spindle lost just now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah, my heart did fondly yield;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far,
A little love, &c.

XXII.

FROM GOLDSMITH'S VICAR OF WAKEFIELD.

WHEN lovely woman ſtoops to folly,
And finds, too late, that men betray;
What charms can ſoothe her melancholy?
What art can waſh her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her ſhame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
And wring his boſom—is to die.

XXIII.

THE HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my ſong ſhall be ye ſwains,
Of purling ſtreams or flow'ry plains,
More pleaſing beauties now inſpire,
And Phœbus deigns the warbling lyre,
Divinely aided thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her ſweet innocence I find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike ſhe ſmiles on you and me;

The brighteſt nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No ſordid wiſh, or trifling joy,
Her ſettled calm of mind deſtroy;
Strict honour fills her ſpotleſs ſoul,
And adds a luſtre to the whole:
A matchleſs ſhape, a graceful mein,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How bleſt that youth, whom gentle Fate
Has deſtin'd for ſo fair a mate!
Has all theſe wondrous gifts in ſtore,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth more happy can be ſeen,
Poſſeſſing thee my Highland Queen.

XXIV.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come;
From thoſe mountains where Romans endeavoured to reign,
But our anceſtors fought and they fought not in vain.

CHORUS.

For ſuch our love of liberty, our country and its laws,
That like our noble anceſtors we'll ſtand by freedom's cauſe;
We'll boldly fight like heroes bright for honour and applauſe,
And defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.

No effeminate cuſtoms our [illegible] unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our [illegible]
Our loud ſounding pipe bears the true martial ſtrain,
And ſo do we the old Scottiſh valour retain.

For ſuch our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak in the womb of the vale,
As ſwift as the roe which the hound doth aſſail,
As the full moon in autumn our ſhields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our ſpear.

For ſuch our love, &c.

As a ſtorm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we ruſh on our foes;
We ſons of the mountains, tremenduous as rocks,
Daſh the force of our foes with our thundering ſtrokes.

For ſuch our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasting till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail and they su'd for a truce.
For such our love, &c.

In our lands may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind.

CHORUS.

For such our love of liberty our country and its laws,
We'll teach our late posterity, to fight in freedom's cause,
That like our ancestors of old, for honour and applause,
May defy the French and Spaniards, to alter our laws.

XXV.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

WHEN innocent pleasures our pastime did crown
Upon a green meadow or under a tree,

E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
How lovely and loving and bony was she:
Rouze up in the morning my beautiful Nanny,
Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,
Oh! as thou art bonny be faithful as any,
Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the ſpleen,
Can looſing of trifles a heart-aching he,
Can lap-dogs and monkies draw tears from thoſe een,
That look with indifference on poor dying me:
Rouſe up thy reaſon my beautiful Nanny,
Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:
Oh! as thou art bony be faithful as any,
Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry ſweet hour,
That ſlide away ſoftly between thee and me,
E'er ſquirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
To rival my love and impoſe upon thee:
Rouze up thy reaſon my beautiful Nanny,
Let thy deſires be all center'd in me,
Oh! as thou art bony, be prudent as any,
Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

XXVI.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE whiſtling plowman hails the bluſhing dawn,
The thruſh melodious drowns the ruſtic notes,
Loud ſings the blackbird thro' reſounding groves,
And the lark ſoars to meet the riſing ſun.

Away to the Copſe, to the Copſe lead away,
And now my boys throw off the hounds,
I'll warrant he ſhews us, he ſhews us ſome play,
See yonder he ſkulks through the ground,
Then ſpur your briſk courſers, & ſmoke 'em my bloods
'Tis a delicate ſcenty'ing morn,
What concert is equal to thoſe of the woods:
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
The hounds and the horn,
Betwixt echo the hounds and the horn.

Each art ſee he tries at in vain,
The cover no ſafer can find,
So he breaks it and ſcowers amain,
And leaves us at diſtance behind,

O'er rocks, and our rivers, and hedges we fly;
All hazard and danger we ſcorn,
Stout Raynard we'll follow until that he die,
Chear up the good dogs with the horn, &c.

And now he ſcarce creeps through the dale,
All parch'd from his mouth hangs his tongue,
His ſpeed can no longer prevail,
Nor his life can his cunning prolong; (he fled
From our ſtaunch and fleet pack, 'twas in vain that
See his bruſh falls bemir'd, forlorn,
The farmers with pleaſure behold him lie dead,
And ſhout to the ſound of the horn, &c.

XXVII.

ABSENCE.

THE ſun his gladſome beams withdrawn,
The hills all white with ſnow,
Leave me dejected and forlorn,
Who can deſcribe my woe?
But not the ſun's warm beams could chear,
Nor hills though e'er ſo green,
Unleſs my Damon ſhould appear,
To beautify the ſcene.

The frozen brooks and pathleſs vales,
Diſjoin my love and me,
The pining bird his fate bewails,
On yonder leafleſs tree,
But what to me is birds or brooks,
Or any joy that's near,
How ſad the lute and dull the books,
While Damon is not here.

Each moment from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain,
Fly ſwift ye hours, be calm the day,
That brings my love again.
O haſte and bring him to my arms,
Nor let us ever part,
My breaſt ſhall beat no more alarms,
When I ſecure his heart.

XXVIII.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BENEATH a green ſhade, a lovely young ſwain
Ae ev'ning reclin'd to diſcover his pain;
So ſad, yet ſo ſweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow;

Rude winds wi' compaſſion cou'd hear him complain,
Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his ſtrain.

How happy, he cry'd, my minutes once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms firſt beam'd in my view;
Thoſe eyes, then wi' pleaſure, the dawn cou'd ſurvey,
Nor ſmil'd the fair morning wi' chearfulthan they;
Now ſcenes of diſtreſs pleaſe only my ſight,
I'm tortur'd in pleaſure and languiſh in light.

Through changes in vain, relief I purſue,
All, all but conſpire my griefs to renew:
From ſunſhine to zephyrs and ſhades we repair,
To ſunſhine we fly from too pitreing an air:
But love's ardent fever burns always the ſame,
No winter can cool it, nor ſummer inflame.

But ſee the pale moon all clouded retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's deſires;
I fly from the danger of tempeſt and wind,
Yet nouriſh the madneſs that preys on my mind;
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens deſpair.

THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
List, all you that pity need,
Mess'mates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers he has dar'd.
From bonding billows, first to landsman,
When the dolphins sport the deep,
To the tempest troubled ocean,
When the seas look black and wild.
Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and halyards stand;
Down top-gallants, quick, be handling,
Down your fore-sail, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-mast sheets let go,
Loof, boys, loof, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.
Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.

Around us roars the tempeſt louder,
Think what fears our minds enthrall;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatſwain's call!
The topſail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each courſe;
Let the fore-ſheet go, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather ſhould be worſe.
Fore and aft the ſpritſail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, ſee all clear,
Hands up, each preventer-brace ſet,
Man the fore-yard, cheer lads, cheer!
Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending claſh!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue lightnings flaſh!
One wide waſte all around us,
All above but one black ſky!
Diff'rent deaths at once ſurround us:
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?
The foremaſt's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve foot 'bove deck!

A lake beneath the keel's ſprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the laniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be ſtout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increaſes,
Four feet water's in the hold.
While o'er the ſhip the wild ways beating,
We for wives and children mourn;
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below;
Heav'n have mercy here upon us!
Only HE can ſave us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er-board be thrown;
To the pump come, ev'ry hand, boys,
See! her mizzen-maſt is gone.
The leak we've found out, it cannot pour faſt,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more;
Then up and rig a jury fore-maſt,
She's tight, ſhe's tight, boys, wear off ſhore.

Now, once more, in joy we're drinking,
Since kind Fortune ſav'd our lives,
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking,
To our ſweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about, ſhip what it will,
Cloſe to lips the brimmer join.
Where's the tempeſt now? who feels it?
None;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

XXX.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE ſun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
And, the meadows all ſpangled with dew-drops, behold
The lark's early mattin proclaims the new day,
And the horn's chearful ſummons rebukes our delay,

CHORUS.

With the ſports of the field there's no pleaſure can vie,
While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his ſport,
And the ſlave of the ſtate hunt the ſmiles of the court,
No care nor ambition our patience annoy,
But innocence ſtill gives a zeſt to our joy.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in ſeveral degree;
The prieſt hunts a living, the lawyer a fee,
The doctor a patient, the courtier a place,
Tho' often, like us, they're ſtung out with diſgrace.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plumb, while ſoldiers hunt fame;
The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;
And the artful coquette, tho' ſhe ſeems to refuſe,
Yet in ſpite of her airs, ſhe her lover purſues.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the buſy hunt glory and wealth,
All the bleſſings we aſk is the bleſſing of health;
With hounds and with horns, thro' the woodlands to roam,
And when tired abroad, find contentment at home.
With the ſports of the field, &c.

XXXI.

THE BANKS OF TAY.

ON thy banks, gentle Tay, when I breath'd the ſoft flute,
To my Chloe's ſweet accents attention late mute;
To her voice with what tranſport I ſwell'd the ſlow ſtrain,
Or return'd dying meaſures in echoes again!
Little Cupid beat time, and the Graces around
Taught with even diviſions to vary the ſound.

From my Chloe remov'd when I did it complain,
And warble ſmooth numbers to ſooth love-ſick pain;
How much alter'd it ſeems as the ſtring notes now,
And the ſoft-falling ſtrains how inſipidly flow:
I will play then no more, for its her voice alone
Muſt enrapture my ſoul to enliven its tone.

XXXII.

RULE BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain firſt, at heaven's command,
Aroſe from out the azure main,
Aroſe, aroſe from out the azure main;

This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain;

Rule, Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves!

The nations (not so blest as thee)
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bind thee down
Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
Thy cities ſhall with commerce ſhine;
All thine ſhall be the ſubject main,
And ev'ry ſhore it circles, thine.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muſes ſtill, with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coaſts repair;
Bleſt iſle! with matchleſs beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair!
Rule, Britannia, &c.

XXXIII.

ANNA,

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SHEPHERDS, I have loſt my love,
Have you ſeen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry ſhady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna:
I for her my home forſook,
Near yon miſty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood ſhade, and fountain.

Never ſhall I ſee the more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladneſs chang'd to mourning:
Whither is my charmer flown?
Shepherds tell me whither?
Ah! woe for me! perhaps ſhe's gone,
For ever and for ever.

XXXIV.

THE ECHOING HORN.

THE echoing horn calls the ſportſmen abroad,
To horſe, my brave boys, and away:
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleaſure we feel in purſuing the fox!
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies!
Then follow, we'll ſoon overtake him, huzza!
The traitor is ſeiz'd on and dies!

Triumphant returning at night with the ſpoil,
Like bacchanals, ſhouting and gay,
How ſweet with a bottle and laſs to refreſh,
And loſe the fatigues of the day!

With ſport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wiſdom all happineſs ſours;
Since life is no more than a paſſage at beſt,
Let's ſtrew the way over with flow'rs.

XXXV.

CUPID's RECRUITING SERGEANT.

RECITATIVE.

FROM Papho's iſle, ſo fam'd of old, I come,
To raiſe recruits with merry fife and drum;
The queen of beauty hereby me invites,
Each nymph and ſwain to teach the ſweet delights;
Obey the call, and ſeek the happy land,
Where Captain Cupid bears the ſole command.

AIR.

Ye nymphs and ye ſwains who are blythſome and gay,
Attend to the call, and be bleſt while you may:
Lads and laſſes hither come
To the ſound of the drum,
I've treaſure in ſtore which you never have ſeen;
Then haſte let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

Each nymph of ſixteen who would fain be a wife,
Shall ſoon have a partner to bleſs her for life;
Then laſſes hither come
To the ſound of the drum,
I have ſweet hearts in ſtore, ſuch as never was ſeen.
Haſte, haſte, let us rove,
To the iſland of love.
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen

Would a ſwain be but bleſt with a nymph to his mind,
Let him enter my liſt, and his wiſh he ſhall find,
I can bleſs him for life
With a kind loving wife,
More beautiful far than was nymph ever ſeen.
Then haſte let us rove,
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

In Paphos, we know of no diſcord nor ſtrife;
Each nymph and each ſwain may be happy for life,
In tranſports and joy
We each moment employ,
And taſte ſuch delights as never was ſeen;
Then haſte let us rove
To the iſland of love,
Where Cupid is captain, and Venus is queen.

XXXVI.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

BY a murmuring ſtream a fair ſhepherdeſs lay,
Be ſo kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her ſay,
Tell Strephon I die, if he paſſes this way,
And that love is the cauſe of my mourning.

Falſe ſhepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never warms
Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cauſe of my mourning.

But firſt, ſaid ſhe, let me go down to the ſhades below:
Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him ſo;
Then on my pale cheek no bluſhes will ſhow,
That love was the cauſe of my mourning.

Her eyes were ſcarce cloſed when Strephon came by,
He thought ſhe'd been ſleeping and ſoftly drew nigh;
But finding her breathleſs, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cauſe of my mourning.

Reſtore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, uſe your art,
They, ſighing, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes ſhot the dart,

That wounded the tender young ſhepherdeſs' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he ſaid;
I'll follow thee, chaſte maid down to the ſilent ſhade.
Then on her cold ſnowy breaſt, leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

XXXVII.

CYMON AND IPHIGENE.

RECITATIVE.

NEAR a thick grove whoſe deep embow'ring ſhade,
Seem'd moſt for love and contemplation made,
A cryſtal ſtream, with gentle murmur flows,
Whoſe flow'ry banks are form'd for ſoft repoſe;
Thither retir'd from Phœbus ſultry ray,
And lull'd in ſleep, fair Iphigenia lay.
Cymon a clown, who never dream'd of love,
By chance was ſtumping to the neigh'bring grove.
He trudg'd along unknowing what he ſought,
And whiſtled as he went for want of thought:
But when he firſt beheld the ſleeping maid,
He gap'd, he ſtar'd, her lovely form ſurvey'd;

And while with artleſs voice he ſoftly ſung,
Beauty and nature thus inform'd his tongue;

AIR.

The ſtream that glides in murmurs by,
Whoſe glaſſy boſom ſhews the ſky,
Compleats the rural ſcene;
Compleats the rural ſcene;
But in thy boſom charming maid,
All heav'n itſelf is ſure diſplay'd,
Too lovely Iphigene,
Too lovely Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

She wakes, and ſtarts, poor Cymon trembling ſtands,
Down falls the ſtaff from his unnerved hands,
Bright excellence, ſaid he, diſpel all fear,
Where honour's preſent, ſure no danger's near:
Half rais'd, with gentle accent, ſhe replies,
O Cymon, if it's you, I need not riſe,
Thy honeſt heart no wrong can entertain;
Purſue thy way and let me ſleep again:
The clown tranſported was not ſilent long;
But thus with extacy purſu'd his ſong:

AIR.

Thy jetty locks that careleſs break,
In wanton ringlets down thy neck;
Thy love inſpiring mein;
Thy love inſpiring mein:
Thy ſwelling boſom, ſkin of ſnow,
And taper ſhape inchant me ſo,
I die for Iphigene,
I die for Iphigene.

RECITATIVE.

Amaz'd ſhe liſtens, nor can trace from whence,
The former clod is thus inſpir'd with ſenſe;
She gazes, finds him comely, tall, and ſtrait,
And thinks he might improve his awkward gait,
Bids him be ſecret, and next day attend
At the ſame hour, to meet his faithful friend.
Thus mighty love cou'd teach a clown to plead,
And nature's language pureſt will ſucceed.

Love's a pure, a ſacred fire,
Kindling gentle chaſte deſire;
Love can rage itſelf controul,
And elevate the human ſoul,
And elevate the human ſoul.

Depriv'd of that our wretched ſtate,
Had made our lives of too long date;
Bleſt with beauty and with love,
Bleſt with beauty and with love,
We taſte what angels do above,
What angels do above.

XXXVIII.

A HUNTING SONG.

WHEN Phœbus has paſt the hill does adorn,
How ſweet is the ſound of the echoing horn;
When the anteling ſtag is rouz'd with the ſound,
Erecting his ears nimbly ſweeps o'er the ground,
And thinks he has left us behind on the plain;
But ſtill we purſue, and now comes in view of the glorious game.

O ſee how again he rears up his head,
And winged with fear he redoubles his ſpeed,
But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain that he flies;
That his eyes loſe the huntſman, his ears loſe the cries,
For now his ſtrength fails him he heavily flies,
And he pants, till with well ſcented hounds ſurrounded he dies.

XXXIX.

SWEET ROBIN.

SAY, little foolish flutt'ring thing,
Whither, ah! whither would you wing
Your airy flight;
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go:
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me.

XL.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WERE I a shepherd's maid to keep,
On yonder plains a flock of sheep,
Well pleas'd I'd watch the live long day,
My ewes to feed, my lambs at play:
Or would some bird that pity bring;
But for a moment lend its wing,
My parents they might rave and scold,
My guardians strive my will to hold;

Their words are harſh, theſe walls are high,
But ſpight of all away I'll fly,
But ſpight of all away, away.

XLI.

DIMPLED BOY.

COME thou roſy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Leave the bliſsful bow'r a while
Paphos and the Cyprian iſle.
Viſit Briton's rocky ſhore;
Britons do thy pow'r adore;
Britons hardy bold and free,
Own thy laws and yield to thee.

CHORUS.

Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou roſy dimpled boy.
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Come thou roſy dimpled boy.

Haſte to Sylvia haſt away,
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Bid her thy ſoft rites prepare,
And bid her thy ſoft bondage wear;

Let the nymph with many a flow'r
Deck the ſacred nuptial bow'r,
Hither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.

CHORUS.

This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haſte to Sylvia haſte away,
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haſte to Sylvia haſte away.

Let us love and let us live,
Love alone can pleaſure give;
Pomp and pow'r and tinſel ſtate,
Thoſe falſe pageants of the great,
Crowns and ſceptres envied things,
And the pride of eaſtern kings,
Are but childiſh empty toys;
When compar'd to love's true joys.

CHORUS.

Love alone can pleaſure give,
Let us love, and let us live,
Love alone can pleaſure give,
Let us love and let us live.

XLII.

PRUDENCE.

THO' prudence may preſs me,
And duty diſtreſs me,
Againſt inclination, ah! what can they do,
No longer a rover
His follies are over,
My heart, my fond heart ſays my Henry is true.

The bee thus as changing,
From ſweet, to ſweet ranging,
A roſe ſhould he light on, ne'er wiſhes to ſtray,
With rapture poſſeſſing,
In ev'ry one bleſſing,
Till torn from her boſom he flies far away.

XLII.

SWEET ANNIE.

SWEET Annie ſlowly left the ſhore,
Where Damon climb'd the veſſel's ſide;
Alas! my heart knows home no more,
Since Damon's toſs'd along the tide:
Yet ſhall my heart ſtill faithful prove,
For faithful ever is my ſwain;

Abſent he thinks on Annie's love,
And foreign beauties charm in vain.

His gold let wealthy Strephon ſhow,
And the ſmooth art of flatt'ry try;
And praiſe the poliſh of his brow,
Likewiſe the luſtre of mine eye.
What though to diſtant regions borne,
My lover rides the awful deep,
I'll wait and hope for his return,
And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, falſe Corydon! no more
For Annie frame the luring lay;
Your Damon would be troubled ſore,
Did you his confidence betray.
Your luring lays are all in vain,
Your falſe deſigns diſgrace your art;
But melting ſweet is Damon's ſtrain,
His ſtrain beſpeaks the faithful heart.

O! ſmile, ye ſkies! around my love;
Gently, ye proſp'rous breezes! blow;
Far off, ye ſavage ſtorms! remove,
Nor cloud my future days with woe.

Full long, alas! will be his ſtay,
But let me not at Fate repine;
I'll keep my heart, and wait the day
When Damon ſhall again be mine.

XLIV.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of baſhful fifteen,
And here's to the widow of fifty;
Here's to the bold and extravagant quean,
And here's to the houſewife that's thrifty.

CHORUS.

Let the toaſt paſs, drink to the laſs,
I warrant ſhe'll prove an excuſe for the glaſs.

Here's to the maiden whoſe dimples we prize,
And likewiſe to her that has none, Sir,
And, here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
And, here's to her that's but one, Sir.

Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Here's to the maid with a boſom as ſnow,
And to her that is brown as a berry;

And here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

Let her be clumſy, or let her be neat,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
But fill the pint bumper up to the brim,
And let us drink them together.
Let the toaſt paſs, &c.

XLV.

RUSSEL's TRIUMPH.

THURSDAY, in the morn the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety-two,
Brave Ruſſel did diſcern, by dawn of day,
The lofty ſail of France advancing now:
All hands aloft, aloft, let Engliſh valour ſhine,
Let fly the Culverin, the ſignal for the line;
Let every hand ſupply the gun,
Follow me, and you'll ſee,
That the battle will be ſoon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruſſel in combat on the deep;
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To ſink the Engliſh Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aſpire.
The bloody fight's begun the ſea is all on fire;
And mighty fate ſtood looking on,
Whilſt a flood all of blood,
Fill'd the ſouppers of the riſing Sun.

Sulphur, ſmoak, and fire, diſturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic ſhore;
Their regulated bands ſtood trembling near,
To ſee the lofty ſtreamers now no more:
At ſix o'clock, the Red, the ſmiling victors led,
To give a ſecond blow, the fatal overthrow;
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run and die,
Britiſh colours ride the vanquiſh'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and ſands,
One danger they graſp at to ſhun the greater fate,
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and ſea-gods mourn their loſt eſtate.

For ever endeared, shout a long rising Sun,
Fresh thy untimely end, thy mother's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty God of War,
Now sing, bless the King!
Let drink of every British Tar
And mighty fate stood looking on.

XLVI.

THE CUCKOO.

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;

CHORUS.

The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;

CHORUS.

The cuckoo, then on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, &c.

XLVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

OH! how ſhall I, in language weak,
My ardent paſſion tell,
Or from my fault'ring tongue to ſpeak,
That cruel word, farewell;
Farewell---but know, though thus we part,
My thoughts can never ſtray:
Go where I will my conſtant heart
Muſt with my charmer ſtay.

XLVIII.

FLORA AND THE ROSE,

A CANTATA.

WHEN Flora o'er the garden ſtray'd,
And every blooming ſweet ſurvey'd,
As o'er the new dipt flow'rs ſhe hung;
Thus wrapt in joy ſhe fondly ſung,

The early ſnow drop, primroſe pale,
The tulip gay, the lily fair,
Each flow'r that loads the ſcented gale
Deſerves their Flora's tender care.
Deſerves their Flora's tender care,
But none of Summer's gaudy pride,
Such ſweetneſs, breath, or charms diſcloſe,
As that dear flow'r that blooms beſide,
None pleaſes like the bluſhing roſe,
As that dear flow'r, &c.

The balmy Zephyrs round thee play,
And golden ſuns exert their pow'r
To bring thy beauties to the day,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r,
And make thee Flora's fav'rite flow'r.
A garland gay the nymphs and Swains
May make from ev'ry ſweet that grows,
And meaner things may pleaſe the plains,
But thou art mine, thou lovely Roſe.
And meaner things, &c.

XLIX.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE ſmiling morn, the blooming ſpring,
Invite the chearful birds to ſing;
And while they warble from each ſpray,
Love melts the univerſal lay:
Let us, Amanda, timely wiſe,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in ſoft raptures waſte the day
Amang the birks of Invermay.

For ſoon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will ſtrip the verdant ſhade;
Our taſte of pleaſure then is o'er,
The feather'd ſongſters pleaſe no more;
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites ſing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vie
In tuneſu' ſtrains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their ſummer ſuits,
To mirth a' nature now invites;

Let us be blythſome then and gay,
Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and friſking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The buſy bees with humming noiſe,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice;
Let us, like them, then ſing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladneſs ca';
The wanton waves ſport in the beams,
And fiſhes play throughout the ſtreams;
The circling ſun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Amang the birks of Invermay.

L.

HE's AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee;

I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna' be;
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lea,
For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his godly looks,
Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wylie crooks;
I winna hae the ploughman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny siller,
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

I winna hae the sodger lad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna hae the sailor lad, because he smells o'tar,
I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle gear,
But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the mier,
For he's aye a-kissing, &c.

LI.

MY DOGS AND MY GUN.

EVERY mortal some favourite pleasure pursues,
Some to White's run for play, some to Batson's for news;
To Shutter's droll phiz others thunder applause,
And some triflers delight to hear Nichols's noise:

But ſuch idle amuſements I'll carefully ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dogs and my gun.

Soon as Phœbus has finiſh'd his ſummer's career,
And his maturing aid bleſt the huſbandman's care;
When Roger and Nell have enjoy'd harveſt home,
And, their labours being o'er, are at leiſure to roam;
From the noiſe of the town and its follies I run,
And I range o'er the fields with my dogs and my gun.

When my pointers around me all carefully ſtand,
And none dares to ſtir, but the dog I command;
When the covey he ſprings, and I bring down my bird,
I've a pleaſure no paſtime beſide can afford:
No paſtime nor pleaſure that's under the ſun,
Can be equal to mine with my dogs and my gun.

When the covey I've thinn'd, to the woods I repair,
And I bruſh thro' the thickets devoid of all fear;
There I exerciſe freely my levelling ſkill,
And with pheaſants and woodcocks my bag often fill;
For death (where I find them) they ſeldom can ſhun,
My dogs are ſo ſure and ſo fatal my gun.

My ſpaniels ne'er babble, they're under command;
Some range at a diſtance, and ſome hunt at hand:

When a woodcock they flush or a pheaſant they ſpring
With heart-chearing notes how they make the woods
ring;
Then for muſic let Fribbles to Ranelagh run,
My concert's a chorus of dogs and a gun.

When at night we chat over the ſports of the day,
And ſpread o'er the table my conquer'd ſpoils lay,
Then I think of my friends and to each ſend a part;
For my friends to oblige is the pride of my heart:
Thus the vices of town and its follies I'll ſhun,
And my pleaſures confine to my dogs and my gun.

LII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BELIEVE my ſighs, my tears, my dear,
Believe the heart you've won;
Believe my vows to you ſincere,
Or, Peggy, I'm undone.

You ſay I'm falſe, and apt to change
At ev'ry face that's new:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw,
I ne'er lov'd one but you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright eye,
And then it kindled in a trice,
A flame that ne'er can die.

Then take and try me, you ſhall find
That I've a heart that's true:
Of all the girls I ever ſaw
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

LIII.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
They was twa bonny laſſes,
They bigged a bower on yon burn brae
And theeked it o'er wi' raſhes.
Fair Beſſy Bell I loo'd yeſtreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter:
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Beſſy's hair's like a lint-tap,
She ſmiles like a May morning,

When Phœbus ſtarts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning;
White is her neck, ſaft is her hand,
Her waiſt and feet ſu' genty;
With ilka grace ſhe can command;
Her lips, O wow! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
Her een like diamonds glances;
She's ay ſae clean, redd up and braw,
She kills whene'er ſhe dances.
Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
She blooming, tight, and tall is;
And guides her airs ſae graceſu' ſtill,
O Jove, ſhe's like thy Pallas.

Dear Beſſy Bell and Mary Gray,
Ye unco fair oppreſs us;
Our fancies jee between you twa,
Ye are ſic bonny bonny laſſes.
Wae's me! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're ſtented;
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be with ane contented.

LIV.

A SONG IN DIANA.

WITH horns and with hounds I waken the day,
And hie to the woodland walks away;
I tuck up my robe, and am buſkin'd ſoon,
And tie to my forehead a wexing moon.
I courſe the fleet ſtag, unkennel the fox,
And chaſe the wild goats o'er ſummits of rocks;
With ſhouting, and hooting, we pierce thro' the ſky,
And echo turns hunter, and doubles the cry.

LV.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DEIL tak' the wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me juſt had ſworn;
They made him captain ſure to undo me:
Woe's me he'll ne'er return.
A thouſand loons abroad will fight him,
He from thouſands ne'er will run,
Day and night I did invite him,
To ſtay at home from ſword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now ſighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
And had he my ſoft arms,
Prefer'd to wars alarms,
My love grown mad, all for my bonny lad,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I waſh'd and I patch'd, to mak' me look provoking,
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode fat poking,
Which made me ſhew as tall again;
For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did ſhine;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots laſs was e'er ſo fine.

My petticoat I ſpotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace ſhoes, and ſilk hoſe, garter full over knee;
But oh! the fatal thought,
To Billy theſe are nought;
Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
When he, ſilly loon, might have plunder'd me.

LVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN THE DUENNA.

HAD I a heart for falſehood fram'd,
I ne'er cou'd injure you;
For though your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
Your charms wou'd make me true:
To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
No ſtranger offer wrong,
But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

But when they learn that you have bleſt
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aſpiring paſſions reſt,
And act a brother's part;
Then lady dread not their deceit,
Nor fear to ſuffer wrong:
For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
And lovers in the young.

LVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN ARTAXERXES.

WATER, parted from the ſea,
May increaſe the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or thro' fertile valleys glide.

Though, in ſearch of loſt repoſe,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Till it reach its native home.

LVIII.

CUPID, GOD OF LOVE.

CUPID, God of Love and Joy,
Wanton roſy winged boy,
Guard her heart from all alarms,
Bring her deck'd in all her charms,
Bluſhing, panting, to my arms.

All the heaven I aſk below,
Is to uſe the darts and bow,

Could I have them in my pow'r,
One ſweet ſmiling happy hour,
One ſweet woman, I'd ſecure.

She's the firſt which Venus made,
With her graces full array'd,
When ſhe treads the velvet ground
We feel the zone with which ſhe's bound,
All is paradiſe around.

LIX.

THE HAPPY MILLER.

HOW happy a ſtate does a miller poſſeſs,
Who wou'd be no greater, nor fears to be leſs!
On his mill and himſelf he depends for ſupport,
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court:
Which is better than ſervilely cringing at court.

What tho' he all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bepowder'd the more like a beau:
A clown in his dreſs may be honeſter far
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar
Than a courtier who ſtruts in his garter and ſtar.

Tho' his hands are ſo daub'd they're not fit to be ſeen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal;
Gold in handling will ſtick to the fingers like meal.

What if, when a pudding for dinner he lacks,
He crips, without ſcruple, from other mens ſacks,
Is this a right noble example he brags,
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags:
Who borrow as freely from other mens bags.

Or ſhould he endeavour to heap an eſtate,
In this too he'd mimic the tools of the ſtate,
Whoſe aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill:
And all his concern's to bring griſt to his mill.

He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's weary contented doth lye;
Then riſes up chearful to work and to ſing:
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?
If ſo happy a miller, then who'd be a king?

LX.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

HOW bleſt has my time been! what days have I known
Since wedlock's ſoft bondage made Jeſſy my own!
So joyful my heart is, ſo eaſy my chain,
That freedom is taſteleſs, and roving a pain.
That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we ſtray
Around us, our boys and girls frolic and play;
How pleaſing their ſport is, the wanton ones ſee,
And borrow their looks from my Jeſſy and me,
And borrow, &c.

To try her ſweet temper oft-times am I ſeen
In the revels all day with the nymphs of the green;
Tho' painful my abſence, my doubts ſhe beguiles,
And meets me at night with compliance and ſmiles,
And meets, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the roſe loſes its hue,
Her eaſe and good-humour bloom all the year through

Time ſtill, as he flies, adds increaſe to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he ſteals from her youth,
And gives, &c.

Ye ſhepherds ſo gay who make love to enſnare,
And cheat with falſe vows the too credulous fair;
In ſearch of true pleaſure, how vainly you roam!
To hold it for life, you muſt find it at home;
To hold it for life you muſt find it at home.

LXI.

NAN OF THE VALE.

IN a ſmall pleaſant village by nature compleat,
Of a few honeſt Peaſants the quiet retreat;
There liv'd a young laſs of ſo lovely a mein,
As ſeldom at ball or at courts can be ſeen:
The ſweet damaſk roſe was full blown on her cheek;
The lilly diſplay'd all its white on her neck:
The lads of the village all ſtrove to prevail,
And call'd her with rapture, ſweet Nan of the Vale.

Firſt poor Hodge ſpoke his paſſion till quite out of breath,
Crying wounds he could hug her and kiſs her to death.

And Dick with her beauty was ſo much poſſeſs'd,
That he loath'd his food, and abandon'd his reſt:
But ſhe could find nothing in them to endear,
So ſent each away with a flea in his ear,
And ſaid no ſuch boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance ſweet Nan of the Vale.
'Till young Roger the ſmarteſt of all the gay green,

Who late on a frolick to London had been;
Came back much improv'd in his air and addreſs,
And boldly attack'd her, nor fearing ſucceſs:
He ſaid heav'n form'd ſuch ſweet lips to be kiſs'd,
And preſs'd her ſo cloſe that ſhe could not reſiſt:
He ſhew'd the dull clowns the right way to aſſail,
And brought to his wiſhes ſweet Nan of the Vale.

LXII.

BONNY LASS LIE IN A BARRACK.

O BONNY laſs will you lie in a Barrack,
And marry a Soger, and carry his wallet.
Yes I will go and think no more on it,
I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet:
I'll neither aſk leave of my minnie or daddie,
But off and away with my Soger laddie.

O bonny lafs will you go a campaigning,
Will you ſuffer the hardſhips of battle and famine,
When fainting and bleeding, O could you draw near me,
And kindly ſupport me, and tenderly chear me.

O yes I will go through theſe evils you mention,
And twenty times more if you had the invention;
Neither hunger, nor cold, nor danger alarms me,
While I have my Soldier, my deareſt to charm me.

LXIII.

SWEET WILLY, O,

THE pride of all Nature was ſweet Willy O,
The pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O;
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy O.

He ſung it ſo rarely did ſweet Willy O,
He ſung it, &c.
He melted each maid,
So ſkilful he play'd,
No Shepherd e'er pip'd like the ſweet Willy O,

All nature obey'd him the ſweet Willy O,
All nature, &c.
Wherever he came,
Whatever had name,
Whenever he ſung follow'd ſweet Willy O.

He would be a Soldier the ſweet Willy O,
He would, &c.
When arm'd in the field
With ſword and with ſhield,
The laurel was won by the ſweet Willy O.

He charm'd them while living the ſweet Willy O,
He charm'd &c.
And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that ſigh'd,
To part with her all in the ſweet Willy O.

LXIV.

IN INFANCY,

IN Infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known,
No ſordid intereſt then appears,
Affection rules alone:

As Friendſhip ripen'd with our youth,
The fruit was gather'd there,
Bright wiſdom and fair blooming truth,
Subſided ev'ry care.
Ah! happy more than happy ſtate,
Where hearts are twin'd in one,
Yet few (ſo rigid is our fate,)
May wear the tender crown,
By one rude touch the roſes fall,
And all their beauties fade,
In vain we ſigh in vain we call,
Too late is human aid.

LXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Dawn of hope my ſoul revives,
And baniſhes deſpair;
If yet my deareſt Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Diſpel theſe gloomy ſhades of night,
My tender grief remove;
Oh! ſend ſome chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in the ſecret friendly ſhade,
The penſive Celia mourn'd,
While courtly echo lent her aid,
And ſigh for ſigh return'd.

When, ſudden, Damon's well-known face,
Each riſing fear diſarms,
He eager ſprings to her embrace,
She ſinks into his arms.

LXVI.

THE BIRD.

THE bird that hears her neſtlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the ſky,
To nurſe the callow brood:
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thouſands harms,
And ſickens for the darling boy,
Whlie abſent from her arms.

Such fondneſs with impatience join'd,
My faithful boſom fires;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my deſires.

The pow'rs of verſe too languid prove
All ſimilies are vain,
To ſee how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The ſaint with fervent zeal inſpir'd
For heav'n and joys divine,
The ſaint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to ſay more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddeſs I adore.

LXVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AT ſetting day and riſing morn,
With ſoul that ſtill ſhall love thee,
I'll aſk of heav'n thy ſafe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll viſit oft the birken bush,
Where firſt you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my bluſh,
Whilſt round thou didſt enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didſt repair,
By green-wood, ſhaw or fountain;
Or where the ſummer's day I'd ſhare,
With you upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender;
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

LXVIII.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers ſeem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I ſang acroſs the mead;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As paſſing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage ſtood,
I thought I ſaw the queen of love,
When Chlora's charms I view'd,

I gaz'd, I lov'd, I prais'd her eyes,
To hear my tender tale;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair addreſs'd:
Ye little warblers chearful be,
Remember not ye love,
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.

LXIX.

SUSANNA.

'TWAS when the seas were roaring,
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclin'd.
Wide o'er the foaming billows,
She cast a wishful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didſt thou, vent'rous lover,
Why didſt thou truſt the ſeas?
Ceaſe, ceaſe, thou troubled ocean,
And let my lover reſt;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breaſt?

The merchant, rob'd of treaſure,
Views tempeſts with deſpair;
But what's the loſs of treaſure
To loſing of my dear?
Should you ſome coaſt be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you ſo.

How can they ſay that nature
Has nothing made in vain?
Why then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks diſcover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus veil'd she for her dearest
Repaid each blaft with ſighing,
Each billow with a tear:
When o'er the white waves ſtooping,
His floating corpſe ſhe eſpied;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head and died.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

STILL in hopes to get the better
Of my ſtubborn ſtubborn Joy,
Swear this moment to forget her,
And the next my oath deſtroy.

Now prepar'd with ſcorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave;
Then, relapſing, fly to meet her
And confeſs myſelf her ſlave.

LXXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN ELIZA.

MY fond ſhepherds of late were ſo bleſt,
Their fair nymphs were ſo happy and gay,
That each night they went ſoftly to reſt,
And they merrily ſung through the day:
But ah! what a ſcene muſt appear!
Muſt the ſweet rural paſtime be o'er?
Shall the tabor no more ſtrike my ear?
Shall the dance on the green be no more?

Muſt the flocks from their paſtures be led?
Muſt the herds go wild ſtraying abroad?
Shall the looms be all ſtopt in each ſhed,
And the ſhips be all moor'd in each road?
Muſt the arts be all ſcatter'd abroad,
And ſhall commerce grow ſick of the tide?
Muſt religion expire on the ground,
And ſhall virtue ſink down by her ſide?

LXXII.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

LET rakes and libertines, reſign'd
To ſenſual pleaſures, range:

Here all the sex's charms I find,
And ne'er can cool or change.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Let vain coquettes and prudes conceal
What most their hearts desire:
With pride my passion I reveal,
Oh! may it ne'er expire.

The sun shall cease to spread its light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night
When I my dear deceive.

LXXIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THE lark's shrill notes awake the morn,
The breezes wave the ripen'd corn;
The yellow-harvest, free from spoil,
Rewards the happy Farmer's toil;
The flowing bowl succeeds the flail,
O'er which he tells the jocund tale.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

CHORUS.

O! The days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at fortune's ſpite,
Talk'd of love all the day long,
And with nectar crown'd the night.

Then it was old fathom Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frowns;
Half thy malice youth could bear,
And the reſt a bumper drown.

O! the days, &c.

Truth they ſay lives in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er could ſee;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.

O! the days, &c.

For, when ſparkling wine went round,
Never ſaw I falſehood's maſk;
But ſtill honeſt truth I found
At the bottom of each flaſk.

O! the days, &c.

True, at length my vigour flows,
I have years to bring them;
Few the locks that now I have,
And the few I have are grey.
O! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerome thou may'ſt boaſt,
While thy ſpirits do not tire;
Still beneath thy age's froſt,
Glow's a ſpark of youthful fire.
O! the days, &c.

LXXV.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that ſeaſon of the year,
When all things gay and ſweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Aroſe and ſung his rural lay;
Of Nanny's charms the ſhepherd ſung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roſlin caſtle heard the ſwain,
And echo'd back the chearful ſtrain.

Awake, ſweet muſe, the breathing ſpring
With rapture warms, awake and ſing;

Awake, and join the woods throughout
And hail the morning with a ſong;
To Nanny raiſe the chearful lay,
O bid her haſte and come away;
In ſweeteſt ſmiles herſelf adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every ſpray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravith'd throng,
And love inſpires the melting ſong;
Then let my ravith'd notes ariſe,
For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
And love my riſing boſom warms,
And fills my ſoul with ſweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away:
Come, while the muſe this wreath ſhall twine,
Around that modeſt brow of thine;
O hither haſte, and with thee bring,
That beauty, blooming like the ſpring,
Thoſe graces that divinely ſhine,
And charm this raviſh'd heart of mine.

LXXVII.

THE INVITATION.

HITHER haſte ye nymphs and ſwains,
Quit your flocks and quit your plains;
Friends to country or to court,
Nothing here ſhall ſpoil your ſport,
Ever welcome to our chear,
Welcome every friend that's here.

Sprightly widows come away,
Laughing dames and virgins gay,
Little pretty fluttering miſſes,
Smiling hopes of future bliſſes,
Ever welcome to our feaſts,
Welcome dear delightful gueſts.

Be it peace, or be it war,
Both or either I don't care;
What my jovial friend have you,
Or I, with peace or war to do.
Ever welcome to our chear,
Welcome, welcome all friends here.

Comus jeſting, muſic charming,
Wine inſpiring, beauties warming;

Rage and war and party dies,
Peace returns and diſcord flies;
Emblem of the joys above,
Welcome rapture, welcome love.

LXXVII.

HOPE.

A PASTORAL.

MY banks are all furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with ſheep:
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare bells and violets grow,
Where the hare bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed;
But let me that plunder forbear;
She'll ſay 'twas a barbarous deed,
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe averr'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:

I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue,
Such tenderneſs, ſo!

But where does my Phillida ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle, as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.
But their love is not equal to mine.

LXXVIII.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie Gay gang'd blithe his way,
Along the banks of Tweed;
A bonny laſs, as ever was,
Came tripping o'er the mead:
The hearty ſwain, untaught to feign,
The buxom nymph ſurvey'd:
And full of glee, as lad could be,
Beſpake the pretty maid:

Dear laſſy tell, why by thineſell
Thou haſt by wand'reſt here?
My ewes, ſhe cry'd, are ſtraying wide;
Can'ſt tell me laddy where?
To town I'll hie, he made reply,
Some meikle ſport to ſee;
But thou'rt ſo ſweet, ſo trim and neat,
I'll ſeek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a ſtand,
But lik'd the youth's intent;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale,
Right merrily they went;
The birds ſang ſweet the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around;
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the ſun had roſe to noon,
(The zenith of his pow'r,)
When to a ſhade their ſteps they made,
To paſs the mid-day hour:
The bonny lad, row'd in his plaid,
The laſs who ſcorn'd to frown;
She ſoon forgot the ewes ſhe ſought,
And he to gang to town.

LXXIX.

MAY-EVE.

SUNG AT VAUXHALL.

THE ſilver moon's enamour'd beams
Steals ſoftly through the night,
To wanton with the winding ſtreams,
And kiſs reflected light:
To courts begone! heart-ſoothing ſleep,
Where you've ſo ſeldom been,
Whilſt I May's wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and ſwains expectant wait,
In primroſe chaplets gay,
Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and ſwains ſhall all declare
The promis'd May when ſeen,
Not half ſo fragrant, half ſo fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouze yon nodding grove,
Till new-wak'd birds diſtend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.

At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green:
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay,
Till May, in morning-robe, draws nigh,
And claims a virgin-queen:
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
"Here's Kate of Aberdeen!"

LXXX.

REYNO's TOMB.

Tune, BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

AS o'er the mountain's grassy side,
Brave Fingal chac'd the flying deer,
One at the tomb of Reyno dy'd;
The hero paus'd, and wip'd a tear.

He lean'd upon the moss-grown stone,
"Once foremost in the chace," he said,

" Thy ſports are ended now, my ſon!
" At reſt, in the dark houſe thou'rt laid.

" Now, when th' enliv'ning ſhell goes round,
" Among the brave in Cromla's hall,
" My boy ſhall there no more be found,
" Nor anſwer his old Father's call!

" Thy conqueſts all, alas! are o'er;
" No more thou'lt face the haughty foe;
" Nor, when he flies, purſue him more:
" The ſtrong limb'd warrior is laid low.

" Thy ſtone, ſoon hid amongſt the graſs,
" (Ev'n as the graſs remembrance dies,)
" The feeble, careleſs o'er ſhall paſs,
" Nor know that there the mighty lies!"

The hero ſpoke—and, with a ſigh,
Retiring mourn'd the hapleſs brave,
Who like the mean inglorious lie,
No more remember'd in the grave.

LXXXI.

OSCAR's GHOST.

Tune, ROSLIN CASTLE.

O! See that form that ſtandly gleams,
It's Oſcar come to chear my dreams,
On wings of wind he flies away;
O! ſtay my lovely Oſcar, ſtay.
Wake Oſſian, laſt of Fingal's line;
And mix thy tears and ſighs with mine:
Awake the harp to doleful layt,
And ſooth my ſoul with Oſcar's praiſe.

LXXXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BY DR ARNE.

HUSH, ye birds, your am'rous tales!
Purling rills, in ſilence move!
Softly breathe, ye gentle gales!
Leſt ye wake my ſlumb'ring love.
O the joy beyond expreſſion,
That inchanting form to own!
Then, to hear the ſoft confeſſion,
That her heart is mine alone!

LXXXIII.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

CUPID, God of ſoft perſuaſion,
Take the helpleſs lover's part:
Seize, Oh ſeize, ſome kind occaſion
To reward a faithful heart.

Juſtly thoſe we tyrants call,
Who the body would enthral;
Tyrants of more cruel kind,
Thoſe who would enſlave the mind.
Cupid, God of, &c.

What is grandeur? foe to reſt;
Childiſh mummery at beſt,
Happy I in humble ſtate!
Catch, ye fools, the glitt'ring bait.
Cupid, God of, &c.

LXXXIV.

THE GAWKIE.

BLYTH young Beſs to Jean did ſay,
Will ye gang to yon ſunny brae,

Where flocks do feed, and herds do ſtray,
And ſport a while wi' Jamie?
Ah na, laſs, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
For he's tane up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you laſs,
Did I not ſee your Jamie paſs,
Wi' muckle gladneſs in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggy.
I wat he gae her mony a kiſs,
And Maggy took them ne'er amiſs:
'Tween ilka ſmack pleas'd her wi' this,
That Beſs was but a gawkie.

For whene'er a civil kiſs I ſeek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour ſhe'll ſcarcely ſpeak:
Who'd not call her a gawkie?
But ſure my Maggy has mair ſenſe,
She'll gi'e a ſcore without offence;
Now gi'e me ane unto the menſe,
And ye ſhall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never ſtand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, laſs, that ne'er can be,
Sic thoughts as theſe are far frae me,
Or ony thy ſweet face that ſee,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whiſht, nae mair of this we'll ſpeak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Inſtead of Meg he kiſt ſae ſweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.
O dear Beſs, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's ſae new,
I think you've got it wet wi' dew,
Quoth ſhe, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.
The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but ſweet,
If I ſhould gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

LXXXV.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels! now protect me,
Send, ah! ſend the youth I love;
Deign, O! Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me to the myrtle-grove:
Bear my ſighs, ſoft floating air,
Say, I love him to deſpair;
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wiſh to live.

'Midſt ſecluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the ſhades of night,
Near ſome bubbling rill's meander,
Where he oft has bleſt my ſight:
There to weep the night away,
There to waſte in ſighs the day;
Think, fond youth, what vows you ſwore,
And muſt I never ſee thee more.

Then recluſe ſhall be my dwelling,
Deep in ſome ſequeſter'd vale;
There, with mournful cadence ſwelling,
Oft' repeat my love-ſick tale:

And the lark and philomel
Oft' ſhall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happineſs, and you!

LXXXVI.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE ſeen the ſmiling of Fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
Sweet was its bleſſing, kind its careſſing,
But now 'tis fled, fled far away.

I've ſeen the foreſt adorned the foremoſt,
With flowers of the faireſt, moſt pleaſant and gay,
Sae bonny was their blooming, their ſcent the air perfuming,
But now they are wither'd and wedded away.

I've ſeen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempeſt ſtorming before the mid-day.
I've ſeen Tweed's ſilver ſtreams ſhining in ſunny beams,
Grow dromly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle fortune! why this cruel ſporting?
O why ſtill perp'ex us, poor ſons of a day?
Nae mair your ſmiles can cheer me, nae mair your
frowns can fear me,
For the flowers of the foreſt are withered away.

LXXXVII.

THE TWEED.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be ſeen,
And the meadows their beauty have loſt;
When nature's diſrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the ſtreams are faſt bound with the froſt;
While the peaſant inactive ſtands ſhiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow;
When the innocent flocks run for eaſe to the fold
With their fleeces all cover'd with ſnow;

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with ſtraw,
And ſend forth their breath like a ſtream;
And the neat looking dairy-maid ſees ſhe muſt thaw
Fleaks of ice which ſhe finds in her cream:
When the ſweet country maidens as freſh as the roſe,
As ſhe careleſsly trips often ſlides,

And the ruſtics loud laugh, if by falling ſhe ſhows
All the charms that her modeſty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with ſilence they reſt on the ſpray,
And the poor tired hare in vain ſeeks the wood,
Leſt her footſteps her cauſe ſhould betray.
When the lads and the laſſes in company join'd,
In a crowd round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghoſts, till they're all in a ſweat.

Heav'n grant in this ſeaſon it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilſt the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in ſafety retire.
Where in neatneſs and quiet, and free from ſurprize,
We may live, and no hardſhips endure,
Nor feel any turbulent paſſions ariſe,
But ſuch as each other may cure.

LXXXVIII.

THE CALM.

Tune, GILDEROY.

AH me! how heavy and how ſlow,
Does the dull veſſel move!
Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, blow,
And bear me to my love.
Abſent from her my ſoul eſteems
'Bove all on earth that's dear,
How long each tedious minute ſeems
That keeps me ling'ring here!

Blow, blow ye gentle breezes, then,
That curl the waving ſea,
O blow, and bear me home again,
To her ſo dear to me.
Alas! nor blows the freſh'ning gales,
Nor curls the waving ſea;
Anxious I view the ſlack'ned ſails,
My Delia's far from me!

When ſhall we, Delia, meet again?
The thought my boſom warms:
Blow freſher yet ye breezes then,
And bear me to her arms.

But tedious though my time now move,
Yet when again we meet,
Delia, with ſmiles, will crown my love,
And make my joy complete.

XC.

SHAKESPEAR's MULBERRY-TREE.

SUNG BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

WITH A CUP IN HIS HAND MADE OF THE TREE.

BEHOLD this fair goblet, 'twas carv'd from the tree,
Which, O my ſweet Shakeſpear was planted by thee:
As a relic I kiſs it, and bow at the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine!
All ſhall yield to the Mulberry tree!
Bend to thee,
Bleſt Mulberry!
Matchleſs was he who planted thee;
And thou, like him, immortal ſhall be.

Ye trees of the foreſt, ſo rampant and high,
Who ſpread round their branches, whoſe heads
ſweep the ſky;

Ye curious exotics, whom taſte has brought here,
To root out the natives, at prices ſo dear.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The oak is held royal, is Britain's great boaſt,
Preſerv'd once our king, and will always our coaſt:
But of fir we make ſhips, we have thouſands that fight,
While one, only one, like our Shakeſpear can write.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers,
The garden of Shakeſpear all fancies will ſuit,
With the ſweeteſt of flowers, and faireſt of fruit.
All ſhall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge, the well letter'd birch,
Supplies law and phyſic, and grace for the church;
But law and the goſpel in Shakeſpear we find,
And he gives the beſt phyſic for body and mind.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree,
From him and his merits this takes its degree:

Let Phœbus and Bacchus their glories reſign,
Our tree ſhall ſurpaſs both the laurel and vine.
All ſhall yield, &c.

The genius of Shakeſpear outſhines the bright day,
More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
Has laurel, and bays, and the vine, all in one.
All ſhall yield, &c.

Then take each a relic of this hallow'd tree,
From folly and faſhion a charm let it be:
Fill, fill to the Planter, the cup to the brim;
To honour the country, do honour to him.
All ſhall yield, &c.

XCI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

LET gay ones and great,
make the moſt of their fate,
From pleaſure to pleaſure they run;
Well, who cares a jot?
I envy them not,
While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
To the fields I repair,
With ſpirits unclouded and light;
The bliſſes I find,
No ſtings leave behind,
But health and diverſion unite.

XCII.

GALLANT SAILOR.

GALLANT ſailor oft' you told me,
That you'd never leave your love;
To your vows I now muſt hold you,
Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?
Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
Can a ſailor live upbraided,
When the French have dar'd to meet?

Hear me gallant ſailor, hear me,
While your country has a foe,
He is mine too; be not near me,
I may weep, but you muſt go.

Though this flow'ry ſeaſon woos you
To the peaceful ſports of May,
And love ſighs ſo long to loſe you,
Love to glory muſt give way.

Britain's ſon's can never fail her,
While her daughters prove ſo true;
Your ſoft courage fires each ſailor;
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow, ye winds! auſpicious blow;
Ev'ry gale ſhall moſt delight us
That ſhall waft us to your foe.

XCIII.

QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

COME, Amanda, charming creature!
Hear the woodland warblers ſing,
While each forward nymph of nature
Now is pregnant with the ſpring;
Haſte to view the dawning bluſhes,
On dame Flora's infants ſeen,
All beneath the blooming buſhes,
Swaddled in their mantles green.

Riſe, fair damſel, with Aurora,
Riſe and ſee their early pride;
Viſit Flora's offspring —— Flora
Will repay you when a bride;
Will return it, by pourtraying
On your children's faces fair
Such ſoft tinges, ſweet diſplaying
Ev'ry roſe and lily there.

Let us loſe the day in ſporting
O'er the verdant carpets gay,
Till the nightingale ſits courting
Midnight liſtners to his lay:
Homeward then, our ſteps befriending,
Our kind ſtars will lend each ray,
With the moons, or elſe attending
Glow-worms light the hedge-row way.

Ev'ry rural charm is waſted;
Dull is ev'ry landſkip round;
Spring itſelf remains untaſted,
Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
Ev'ry grace attends about you;
All things ſweet compoſe thy train:
All is anarchy without you—
Haſte, and bleſs us with thy reign.

XCIV.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the ſheep are in the fauld, and the ky at hame,
And a' the warld to ſleep are gane;
The waes of my heart fa's in ſhow'rs frae my ee,
When my gudeman lyes ſound by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he ſought me for his bride,
But ſaving a crown he had naething beſide;
To mak' that crown a pound, my Jemmy gade to ſea,
And the crown and the pound were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither ſhe fell ſick, and the cow was ſtown awa';
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey came a-courting me.

My father coudna work, and my mither coudna' ſpin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna win;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his ee,
Said, Jenny for their ſakes, O marry me.

My heart it ſaid na, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ſhip it was a wreck,
The ſhip it was a wreck, why didna Jenny die?
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna ſpeak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So they gie'd him my hand, though my heart was in the ſea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When ſitting ſae mournfully at the door,
I ſaw my Jemmy's wraith, for I coudna think it he,
'Till he ſaid, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O ſair did we greet, and muckle did we ſay;
We took but ae kiſs, and we tore ourſelves away:

I wiſh I were dead? but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to ſay waes me?

I gang like a ghaiſt, and carena to ſpin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a ſin:
But I'll do my beſt a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.

XCV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

BY MR GAY.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The ſtreamers waving in the wind,
When black ey'd Suſan came on board;
Oh! where ſhall I my true love find;
Tell me, ye jovial ſailors, tell me true,
If my ſweet William ſails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He ſigh'd, and caſt his eyes below:
The cord ſlides ſwiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he ſtands.

So the ſweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts cloſe his pinions to his breaſt,
(If chance his mate's ſhrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her neſt:
The nobleſt captain in the Britiſh fleet,
Might envy William's lips thoſe kiſſes ſweet.

O! Suſan, Suſan, lovely dear!
My vows ſhall ever true remain,
Let me kiſs off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye liſt, ye winds! my heart ſhall be
The faithful compaſs that ſtill points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen ſay,
Who tempt with doubts thy conſtant mind;
They'll tell, the ſailors, when away,
In every port a miſtreſs find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee ſo,
For thou art preſent wherſoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coaſt we ſail,
Thy eyes are ſeen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's ſpicy gale,
Thy ſkin is ivory ſo white:
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my ſoul ſome charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet ſafe from harms,
William ſhall tu his dear return:
Love turns aſide the balls that round me fly,
Leſt precious tears ſhould drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatſwain gave the dreadful word,
The ſails their ſwelling boſom ſpread,
No longer muſt ſhe ſtay on board;
They kiſs'd; ſhe ſigh'd; he hung his head;
Her leſſening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! ſhe cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

XCVI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and ſore afraid:
Would you hurt a harmleſs maid?
Lead an innocent aſtray?
Tempt me not kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe;
And ſhou'd you my faith deceive,
Ruin firſt, and then forſake,
Sure my tender heart wou'd break.

XCVII.

A SOLDIER's SONG.

HOW ſtands the glaſs around,
For ſhame ye take no care my boys,
How ſtands the Glaſs around,
Let mirth and wine abound;
The trumpets ſound,
The Colours they are flying boys.
To fight, kill or wound,
May we ſtill be found,
Content with our hard fate my boys,
On the cold ground.
Why, Soldiers, why,

Shou'd we be melancholy, boys.—
Why, Soldiers why—
Whoſe bus'neſs 'tis to die!
What—Sighing, fie?
Damn Fear, drink on, be jolly boys,
'Tis He, you or I!
Cold, hot, wet, or dry,
We're always bound to follow boys,
And ſcorn to fly—

'Tis but in vain,—
I mean not to upraid ye, boys,
'Tis but in vain
For Soldiers to complain
Shou'd next campaign
Send us to him who made us, boys,
We're free from Pain!—
But if we remain,
A bottle and kind Landlady
Cure all again.

XCVIII.

PASTORA.

TUNE TWEEDSIDE.

'TWAS in that gay time of the year,
When flowers enamel the green;
And birds with ſweet notes glad the ear,
And flocks in gay paſtures are ſeen.
Where Flora's fair favourites ſprung,
A ſhepherd reſponding reclin'd,
And while of his love thus he ſung,
A myrtle ſuſtain'd him behind.

Paſtora! oh! where art thou fled?
Paſtora! thou beauteous maid!

Thy face was with graces o'erſpread,
Thy looks were in ſweetneſs array'd.
Go mourn all ye woods, groves, and bow'rs,
Ye riv'lets and fountains lament!
Forſake the ſad green, O ye flow'rs,
Or, at leaſt, for a time loſe your ſcent!

Ye ſhepherds to ſorrow incline!
Ye ſweet feather'd ſongſters don't ſing;
Let Phœbus forget now to ſhine,
And winter with ſadneſs ſwift bring.
Ye nymphs that adorn the gay plain,
With ſadneſs your faces o'erſpread,
Let nothing but ſadneſs remain,
For, oh!---my Paſtora is---dead!

Sure Nature her aim wrong did take,
An angel ſhe ſure was deſign'd;
And Fate, to correct the miſtake,
To form her immortal inclin'd.
O! let me once more ſpeak her name;
Paſtora! accept my laſt ſigh!
To bliſs in this world you came;
And bleſs'd by your favour, I---die.

XCIX.

THE SURPRISE.

THE tither morn, when I forlorn,
Aneath an Aik ſat moaning,
I didna trow, I'd ſee my joe,
Beſide me gin the glowming;
But he ſu trig, lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did cheer me,
When I, whatreck, did leaſt expect
To ſee my lad ſo near me.

His bonnet he, a thought ajee,
Cock'd ſpruce when firſt he claſp'd me,
And I, I wat, wi' fainneſs grat,
While in his grape he preſs'd me.
De'il tak' the war! I hate and a'
Ha'e wiſh'd ſince Jock departed;
But now as glad, I'm wi' my lad,
As ſhort ſyne broken hearted.

Fu' aft' at e'en, wi' dancing keen,
When 'a were blyth and merry,
I car'dna by, ſae ſad was I,
In abſence o' my dearie:

But praiſe be bleſt, my mind's at reſt,
I'm happy wi' my Johny,
At kirk and fair, I'ſe ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.

C.

FAIR SUSANNA.

ASK if yon damaſk roſe be ſweet,
That ſcents the ambient air;
Then aſk each ſhepherd that you meet,
If dear Suſanna's fair.

Say, will the nightingale quit her grove,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the ſpray,
Then doubt thy ſhepherd's love.

The ſpoils of war let heroes ſhare,
Let pride in ſplendor ſhine,
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Suſanna mine.

CI.

THE JOVIAL HUNTSMAN.

AWay to the field, ſee the morning looks grey,
And, ſweetly bedappled forebodes a fine day:
The hounds are all eager the ſport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

CHORUS.

Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew,
While the ſeaſon invites, with all its delights,
The health giving chace to purſue.

How charming the ſight, when Aurora firſt dawns,
To ſee the bright beagles ſpread over the lawns,
To welcome the ſun now returning from reſt,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily queſt.
Then hark, &c.

But oh! how each boſom with tranſport it fills,
To ſtart, juſt as Phœbus peeps over the hills;
While joyous, from valley to valley reſounds
The ſhouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.
Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters, with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or tops the barr'd gate:
Borne by their bold courſers, no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.
Then hark, &c.

Ye cits, for the chace quit the joys of the town,
And ſcorn the dull pleaſure of ſleeping in down:
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;
Ours ſtill is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

CII.

TALLY HO.

YE ſportſmen draw near, and ye ſportſwomen too,
Who delight in the joys of the field, &c.
Mankind though they blame, are all eager as you,
And no one the conteſt will yield, &c.
His Lordſhip, his Worſhip, his Honour, his Grace,
A hunting continually go.
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.
All ranks, &c.

The Lawyer will riſh with the firſt of the morn,
To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
The Huſband gets up at the ſound of the horn,
And rides to the Commons full ſpeed;
The Patriot is thrown in purſuit of his game;
The poet too often lyes low,
Who mounted on Pegaſus flies after fame,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.
Who mounted, &c.

While fearleſs o'er hills and o'er woodlands we ſweep,
Tho' Prudes on our paſtime may frown,
How oft do they modeſty's bounds overleap,
And the fences of virtue break down:
Thus public, or private, for penſion, for place,
For amuſement, for paſſion, for ſhew,
All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
With hark forward, huzza, Tally ho.
All ranks, &c.

CIII.

COLIN.

SINCE Colin appear'd on theſe plains,
The nymphs are moſt happy and gay;

His preſence enlightens the year,
And Winter is pleaſing as May.

Though he lives the delight of the Fair,
No envy their boſoms alarm;
His politeneſs ſo flutters them all,
Each fancies 'tis ſhe that can charm.

But 'tis I, tho' I'm friendleſs and poor,
That he ſays is the choice of his heart,
And I ſurely will truſt in a ſwain,
Who never deſcended to art.

I ſpeak of the Belles of the town,
And I tell him how handſome they be;
But 'tis goodneſs that Colin admires,
And he hopes he ſhall find it in me.

How much to the ſhepherd I owe,
Each action of life ſhall impart!
It ſhall ſpeak in each glance of my eye,
Whilſt it lives in each wiſh of my heart.

I'll riſe with the earlieſt dawn,
And neatly my cottage I'll trim;
In ſummer how fragrant and gay!
In winter, ſo neat and ſo clean.

But if Colin ſhou'd ever be falſe,
Let him ſigh, as he thinks on my lays,
And wiſh he had valu'd the maid
Who to chear him, cou'd ſing in his praiſe.

CIV.

ADVICE TO A SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD, ſeek not wealth nor pow'r,
Let the fragrant woodbine bow'r,
Let the hills, and vales, and trees,
And the lonely cottage pleaſe;
Can the gaudy, gilded room,
Vie with fields in vernal bloom?
Can Italian airs excel,
Sweet melodious Philomel?

Can the idle arts of dreſs,
Grace the lovely Shepherdeſs?
Happier ſhe in mean attire,
Than the daughters of the ſquire!
Midſt the city's tempting glare,
Dwells diſeaſe, and ſtrife, and care:
Quit not then the rural fold,
Nor exchange thy peace with gold.

CV.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

'TWAS ſummer, and ſoftly the breezes were blowing,
And ſweetly the nightingale ſung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I ſat myſelf down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou ſweet river;
Thy banks' pureſt ſtreams ſhall be dear to me ever;
For there I firſt gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And, ah! there's no hope of his ſpeedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.
He's gone, helpleſs youth! o'er the rude roaring billows;
The kindeſt and ſweeteſt of all the gay fellows;
And left me to ſtray 'mongſt the once-loved willows,
The lonelieſt maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet reſtore
him;
Bleſt peace may reſtore my dear ſhepherd to me,
And when he returns with ſuch care I'll watch o'er
him.
He never ſhall leave the ſweet banks of the Dee.
The Dee then ſhall flow, all its beauties diſplaying;
The lambs on its banks ſhall again be ſeen playing;
While I with my Jamie are careleſsly ſtraying
And taſting again all the ſweets of the Dee.

CVI.

RURAL CONTENTMENT:

A SEQUEL TO THE BANKS OF THE DEE.

Tune, O BONNY LASS WILL YOU LYE IN A BARRACK.

I Sat on a bank by the ſide of a river,
I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever,
But while I ſat penſively ſighing and mourning
Ah! who ſhould I ſee, but my Jamie returning.
I ſtraight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round
him,
Still charming, ſtill kind, ſtill conſtant, I found
him;

With ardor he preſs'd me, ah! who could oppoſe
him,
While thus I reveal'd the warm wiſh of my boſom

"O ſtay my dear Jamie thy follies give over,
No more leave theſe plains, be no longer a rover,
No more ſeek for glory, where cannons loud rattle,
Nor leave my fond arms for the ſound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage and paſtoral pleaſure,
Where love trips with joy, in ſome frolickſome
meaſure,
Believe me, my Jamie are far more enticing,
Than war's empty pomp which you've always been
prizing."

My Jamie ſmil'd ſweetly, the linnets and thruſhes,
Who chanted their ſongs from the jeſſamine buſhes,
The groves and the plains were ſo gay, ſo inviting,
They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He ſaid he would love me, and never would leave me,
He gave me his hand that he ne'er would deceive me,
He ſwore he'd no more ſhow his foes his reſentment,
But live with his Annie in rural contentment.

CVII.

TAK' YOUR AULD CLOAK ABOUT YE.

IN winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
And froſt and ſnaw on ilka bill,
And Boreas, wi' his blaſts ſae bauld,
Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill;
Then Bell, my wife, wha loes nae ſtrife,
She ſaid to me right haſtily,
Get up goodman, ſave Cromy's life,
And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why doſt thou flyte and ſcorn?
Thou kenſt my cloak is very thin:
It is ſae bare and overworn,
A cricke he thereon cannot rin:
Then Ill nae langer borrow nor lend,
For ance I'll new apparel'd be,
To-morrow I'll to town and ſpend,
For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an uſeful cow,
And ſhe is come of a good kine;
Aft has ſhe wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that ſhe ſhou'd tyne;

Get up goodman, it is fu' time,
The ſun ſhines in the lift ſae hie:
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear;
But now its ſcantly worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this threttty year;
Let's ſpend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die;
Then I'll be proud, ſince I hae ſworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they coſt him half-a-crown,
He ſaid they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown;
He was the King that wore the crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' our country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool;

I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule;
Do ye not ſee Rob, Jock, and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly?
While I ſit hurkling in the aſe,
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis thretty years
Since we did ane anither ken;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny laſſes ten;
Now they are women grown and men,
I wiſh and pray well may they be;
And if you prove a good huſband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, ſhe lo'es nae ſtrife;
But ſhe wad guide me if ſhe can,
And to maintain an eaſy life,
I aft maun yield, though I'm goodman;
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unleſs ye gi'e them a' the plea;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.

CVIII.

TULLOCHGORUM.

COME, gie's a ſang, the lady cry'd
And lay your diſputes all aſide,
What ſignifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them;
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To drop their whipmegmorum:
Let Whig and Tory all agree,
To ſpend this night in mirth and glee,
And chearfu' ſing along wi' me
The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite;
And ony ſumph that keeps up ſpite,
In conſcience I abhor him.
Blithe and merry we's be a',
Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
Blithe and merry, we's be a',
To make a chearfu' quorum.
Blithe and merry, we's be a',
As lang's we ha'e a breath to draw,

And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be ſo great a phraſe
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain Strathſpeys
For half a hundred ſcore o'em;
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie;
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Wi' a' their variorum;
They're douff and dowie at the beſt,
Their Allegroes, and a' the reſt,
They cannot pleaſe a Highland taſte,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themſelves oppreſs
Wi' fear of want, and double ceſs;
And filly ſauls themſelves diſtreſs
Wi' keeping up decorum:
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Sour and ſulky, ſour and ſulky;
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Like auld Philoſophorum?
Shall we ſae ſour and ſulky ſit,
Wi' neither ſenſe, nor mirth, nor wit?

And canna riſe to ſhake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choiceſt bleſſings ſtill attend
Each honeſt hearted open friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
Be a' that's good before him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty;
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great ſtore o'em!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unſtain'd by any vicious blot;
And may he never want a groat
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the diſcontented fool,
Who wants to be oppreſſion's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten ſoul,
And blackeſt fiends devour him!
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
Dole and ſorrow, dole and ſorrow,
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
And honeſt ſouls abhor him!
May dole and ſorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France

Whoe'er he be that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum.

CIX.

THE EGYPTIAN LOVE SONG.

SWEET doth blush the rosy morning,
Sweet doth beam the glittning dew;
Sweeter still the day adorning,
Thy dear smiles transfix my view.
Midst the blossom's fragrance flowing,
Why delights the honey'd bee?
Sweeter breathes thyself bestowing
One kind kiss on me, on me.

One kind kiss, &c.

CX.

THE CYPRESS GROVE.

BENEATH a cypress grove,
Young Strephon sought relief;
The flow'rs around his head,
Pin'd conscious of his grief;

Fond foolish wretch he cry'd,
I love, and yet despair;
Pursue, though still deny'd,
By the too cruel fair.

The courtier asks a place,
The sailor tempts the sea,
The Miser begs increase,
Love only governs me:
Nor honour, wealth, nor fame,
Can like soft transport move,
On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And heaven is but to love.

CXI.

WINTER.

ADIEU ye groves, adieu ye plains!
All nature mourning lyes!
e, gloomy clouds and thick'ning rains,
Obscure the lab'ring skies!
See, from afar th' impending storm
With sullen haste appear!
e, winter comes, a dreary form
To rule the falling year.

No more the lambs with gameſome bound,
Rejoice the gladden'd ſight;
No more the gay enamel'd ground,
Or ſylvan ſcenes delight.
Thus, lovely Nancy, much lov'd maid;
Thy early charms muſt fail;
Thy roſe muſt droop, thy lily fade,
And winter ſoon prevail.

Again the lark, (ſweet bird of day)
May riſe on active wing;
Again the ſportive herds may play;
And hail reviving ſpring.
But youth, (my fair) ſees no return,
The pleaſing bubble's o'er,
In vain its fleeting joys you mourn,
They fall to bloom no more.

Haſte then dear girl the time improve,
Which art can ne'er regain:
In bliſsful ſcenes of mutual love,
With ſome diſtinguiſh'd ſwain;
So ſhall life ſpring like jocund May,
Paſs ſmiling and ſerene,
Thus ſummer, autumn, glide away,
And winter ſoon prevail.

CXII.

THE WEEPING FAIR.

O Youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm and win the coldeſt heart,
In ſecret mine poſſeſs'd.
The morning bud that faireſt blows;
The vernal oak that ſtraighteſt grows;
His face and ſhape expreſs'd.
His face, &c.

In moving ſounds he told his tale,
Soft as the ſighing of the gale,
That wakes the flow'ry year:
What wonder he could charm with eaſe,
Whom happy nature form'd to pleaſe,
Whom honour made ſincere.
Whom honour, &c.

At morn he left me, fought and fell:
The fatal evening heard his knell,
And ſaw the tears I ſhed!
Tears that muſt ever, ever fall,
For ah! no ſighs the paſt recal,
No cries awake the dead.
No cries, &c.

CXIX.

FALSE PHILANDER.

FAREWEL thou falſe Philander,
Since now from me you rove,
And leave me here to wander;
No more to think of love.
I muſt for ever languiſh;
I muſt for ever mourn;
From love I now am baniſh'd,
And ſhall no more return.

Farewel deceitful traitor;
Farewel thou perjur'd ſwain;
Let never injur'd creature,
Believe your vows again:
The paſſion you pretended,
Was only to obtain;
For now the charm is ended,
The charmer you diſdain.

CXX.

THE ENVIOUS FAIR APPEAS'D.

WHY knits my fair her angry brow?
What rude offence alarms you now?
I ſaid that Delia's fair, 'tis true,
But did I ſay ſhe equal'd you?
Can't I another's face commend?
Or to her virtues be a friend?
But inſtantly your forehead lours,
As if her merit leſſen'd yours.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs;
The buds, the bloſſoms, and the flow'rs;
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,
That vies in ſweetneſs with the roſe;
Or where the lily's ſnowy white,
That throws ſuch ſweetneſs on the ſight;
Yet folly is it to declare
That theſe are neither ſweet nor fair.

When Zephyrs o'er the bloſſoms ſtray,
And ſweets along their air convey;
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Becauſe you breathe a ſweeter gale:

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field;
Sweet is the ſmell the bloſſoms yield;
Sweet is the ſummer gale that blows,
And ſweet though ſweeter you the roſe.

CXXI.

THE KISS.

ONE kind kiſs before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu!
Though you ſevere my fond heart,
'Till we meet ſhall pant for you.
'Till we meet, &c.

Yet, yet, weep not ſo my love,
Let me kiſs that falling tear!
Though my body muſt remove,
All my ſoul muſt ſtill be here.
All my ſoul, &c.

All my ſoul and all my heart,
Every wiſh ſhall pant for you;
One kind kiſs then e'er we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.
Drop a tear, &c.

CXXII.

FAIR DAPHNE.

HOW ſweet in the woodlands, with fleet hound and horn,
To waken ſhrill echo, and taſte the freſh morn;
But hard is the chaſe my fond heart muſt purſue;
For Daphne, Fair Daphne is loſt to my view,
She's loſt, fair Daphne is loſt to my view.
Aſſiſt me chaſte Dian the nymph to regain,
More wild than the rocbuck and wing'd with diſdain;
In pity o'ertake her who wounds as ſhe flies;
Though Daphne's purſu'd 'tis Myrtillo that dies.
That dies! &c.

CXXIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

HOW imperfect is expreſſion,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a ſoft confeſſion,
And yet ſeek to hide the heart:
When our boſoms all complaining
With delicious tumults ſwell,

Speak what trembling, fault'ring, dying;
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confuſion's roſy terror
Quite expreſſive paints my cheek;
Aſk no more, behold your error,
Bluſhes eloquently ſpeak:
What though ſilent is my anguiſh,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what your's have written there.

Ah! that you could once conceive me,
Once my ſoul's ſtrong feelings view;
Love has nought more ſweet, believe me;
Friendſhip nothing half ſo true;
From you I am wild, deſpairing;
With you ſpeechleſs as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

CXXIV.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine;
But O, they're vain and idly gawdy!

How much unlike that graceful mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie!

CHORUS.

O my bonny highland laddie,
My handſome charming highland laddie;
May heaven ſtill guard, and love reward
Our lawland laſs, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuſe,
To be the wealthieſt lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The braweſt beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and ſummer's ſun,
He'll ſcreen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room and ſilken bed,
May pleaſe a lawland laird and lady;
But I can kiſs and be as glad,
Behind a buſh in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us paſs,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland laſs,
Syne rows me in beneath his plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true and ſteady,
Like mine to him which ne'er ſhall end,
While Heaven preſerves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

CXXV.

MYRTILLA.

SUNG AT RANELAGH.

YE chearful virgins, have ye ſeen
My fair Myrtilla paſs the green,

To roſe or jaſmin bow'r?
To roſe or jaſmin bow'r?
Where does ſhe ſeek the woodbine ſhade?
For ſure ye know the blooming maid,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r,
Sweet as the May-born flow'r.

Her cheeks are like the maiden roſe
Join'd with the lily as it grows,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie,
Where each in ſweetneſs vie;
Like dew-drops glitt'ring in the morn,
When Phœbus gilds the flow'ring thorn,
Health ſparkles in her eye.
Health ſparkles in her eye.

Her ſong is like the linnet's lay,
That warbles chearful on the ſpray,
To hail the vernal beam,
To hail the vernal beam.
Her heart is blither than her ſong;
Her paſſions gently move along,
Like the ſmooth-gliding ſtream,
Like the ſmooth-gliding ſtream.

CXXVI.

SONG IN LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

GENTLE Youth, ah! tell me why,
Still you force me thus to fly?
Ceaſe, oh! ceaſe to perſevere,
Speak not what I muſt not hear;
To my heart its eaſe reſtore,
Go and never ſee me more.

CXXVII.

A FAVOURITE DUET.

SEE! the conquering hero comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Sports prepare, the laurel bring;
Songs of triumph to him ſing.

See the god like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance;
Myrtle wreaths and roſes twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

CXXVIII.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,—The hounds, &c.
The huntsman winds his horn.

CHORUS.

And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
And a hunting we will go,—oho, oho, oho,
A hunting we will go,—o-oho,
And a hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms to make him stay;
My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,—
My dear, &c.
You cannot hunt to-day.
Yet a hunting, &c.

Away they fly to scape the rout,
Their steeds they soundly switch;
Some are thrown in, some are thrown out—
Some are thrown in, &c.
And some thrown in the ditch.
Yet a hunting, &c.

At laſt from ſtrength to faintneſs worn,
Poor reynard ceaſes flight;
Then weary homeward we return,
Then weary, &c.
And drink away the night.
And a drinking, &c.

CXXIX.

THERE's MY THUMB, I'LL NE'ER BEGUILE THEE.

BETTY, early gone a-maying,
Met her lover, WILLIE, ſtraying;
Drift or chance no matter whether;
Thus, we know, he reaſon'd with her:
Mark, dear maid, the turtles cooing,
Fondly billing, kindly wooing!
See how every buſh diſcovers
Happy pairs of feather'd lovers!

See the op'ning bluſhing roſes
Each it's ſecret charms diſcloſes!
Sweet's the time, ah! ſhort's the meaſure;
O their fleeting haſty pleaſure!

Quickly we muſt ſnatch the favour
Of their ſoft and fragrant flavour:
They bloom to-day; they fade to-morrow,
Droop their heads, and die in ſorrow.

Time, my BESS, will leave no traces
Of thoſe beauties, of thoſe graces:
Youth and love forbid our ſtaying;
Love and youth abhor delaying.
Deareſt maid, nay, do not fly me;
Let your pride no more deny me:
Never doubt your faithful WILLIE;
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

CXXX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

YE Monſieurs of France, and ye Dons of proud Spain,
Take heed, or you'll get a good drubbing again;
We often have beat you moſt ſoundly of yore,
And my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat you once more.

CHORUS.

Encore, Encore, Encore, Encore!
And my word for't, we'll meet you, and beat
you once more.

Our ſoldiers and ſailors are equally free,
To face you by land, or to face you by ſea;
And ſhould you be tempted to brave Britain's ſhore,
My word for't, they'll meet you, and beat you
once more.
Encore, Encore, &c.

Our Ships, are ſtill built of the ſame Britiſh Oak,
And ſince Britiſh hearts you are leagu'd to provoke,
You'll find them the ſame, that you've oft done
before,
For they pant but to meet you, to beat you once
more.
Encore, Encore, &c.

No true Son of Neptune will flinch from his gun,
No bold Son of Mars will you ever ſee run;
In Purſe little rich, tho' in Spirit not poor,
They wiſh but to meet you, and beat you once
more.
Encore, Encore, &c.

The Dollars of Spain too, are neat pretty things,
And will furniſh our ſweethearts with ribbons and
rings;
Nay ſtake but ye Frenchmen, one ſmall Louis D'or,
E'en for that we will fight you and beat you once
more.
Encore, Encore, &c.

'Tis freedom, bleſt freedom that points all our darts,
That nerves all our hands, and that ſteels all our
hearts;
For that we would die a thouſand times o'er,
Wer't not better to live, and to beat you once more.
Encore, Encore, &c.

From George to uſurp the command of the main,
Believe me, falſe Bourbon, the effort is vain;
Your madneſs deſert, and his goodneſs implore
Leſt we beat you ſtill worſe, than we e'er did before.
Encore, Encore, &c.

CXXXI.

DAMON AND LAURA.

DAMON.

CONTENTED all day I will ſit by your ſide,
Where poplars far-ſtretching, o'er-arch the cool tide;
And while the clear river runs purling along,
The thruſh and the linnet contend in their ſong.
The thruſh, &c.

LAURA.

While you are but by me no danger I fear,
Ye lambs reſt in ſafety my Damon is near,
Play on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may pleaſe
For my ſhepherd is kind, and my heart is at eaſe,
For my ſhepherd is kind, &c.

DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wiſh of each heart, and the theme of each lay,
Ne'er yield to the ſwain, till he make you his wife,
For he who loves truly will take her for life.
For he who loves, &c.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then ſcorn to their ruin aſſiſtance to lend,
Nor betray the ſweet creature you're born to defend.
Nor betray, &c.

BOTH.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd,
Nor falſe to his vows one young ſhepherd be found:
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preſerve in their age what they've gain'd in their youth.
To preſerve, &c.

CXXXII.

CELIA.

ALAS! when charming Celia's gone,
I ſigh, and think myſelf undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet griev'd, I hope, yet fear:
Thoughtleſs of all, but her, I rove;
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! What Powers can move me ſo?
I die with grief when ſhe muſt go,
But I revive at her return;
I pant, I freeze, I ſigh, I burn;
Tranſport ſo ſtrange, ſo ſweet, ſo new,
Say can this be to friendſhip due?

Ah no 'tis Love, 'tis now I complain,
I feel, I feel, the pleaſant pain;
For who e'er ſaw bright Celia's eyes,
But wiſh'd and long'd to be their prize?
Gods! if the trueſt muſt be bleſs'd,
Oh! let her be by me poſſeſs'd.

CXXXIII.

MUTUAL LOVE.

WHENE'ER I meet my Celia's eyes,
Sweet raptures in my boſom riſe,
My feet forget to move;
She too reclines her lovely head,
Soft bluſhes o'er her cheeks are ſpread;
Sure, this is mutual love!

My beating heart is wrapt in bliſs,
When'er I ſteal a tender kiſs,
Beneath the ſilent grove:
She ſtrives to frown and puts me by:
Yet anger dwells not in her eye.
Sure this is mutual love!

And once, oh, once! the dearest maid,
As on her breaſt my hand was laid:
Some ſecret impulſe drove:
Me, me, her gentle arms careſs'd,
And to her boſom cloſely preſs'd;
Sure this was mutual love!

Tranſported with her blooming charms,
A ſoft deſire my boſom warms,
Forbidden joys to prove:
Trembling, for fear ſhe ſhould comply,
She from my arms prepares to fly,
Though warm'd with mutual love!

Oh! ſtay, I cry'd---Let Hymen's bands
This moment tye our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove.
She bluſh'd conſent, her fears ſuppreſs'd:
And now we live ſupremely bleſs'd,
A life of mutual love.

CXXXIV.

ABSENCE.

TUNE—My Apron Dearie.

AH Chloe! thou treaſure, thou joy of my breaſt,
Since I parted from thee, I'm a ſtranger to reſt;
I fly to the grove there to languiſh and mourn,
There to ſigh for my charmer and long to return;
The fields all around me are ſmiling and gay,
But they ſmile all in vain, my Chloe's away,
The field and the grove can afford me no eaſe,
But bring me my Chloe, a deſart will pleaſe.

No virgin I ſee, yet my boſom alarms,
I'm cold to the faireſt, though glowing with charms;
In vain they attack me, and ſparkle the eye:
Theſe are not the looks of my Chloe, I cry.
Theſe looks where bright love like the ſun ſits enthron'd,
And ſmiling diffuſes his influence around;
'Twas thus I firſt view'd thee, my charmer, amaz'd
Thus gaz'd I with wonder, and lov'd while I gaz'd.

Then, then the dear fair one was ſtill in my ſight,
It was pleaſure all day, it was rapture all night;
But now by hard fortune, remov'd from my fair,
In ſecret I languiſh, a prey to deſpair;
But abſence and torment abate not my flame,
My Chloe's ſtill charming, my paſſion the ſame;
Oh! would ſhe preſerve me a place in her breaſt,
Then abſence would pleaſe me, for I would be bleſt.

CXXXV.

PHILLIDA.

COME all ye ſhepherds of the plain,
Come every nymph and every ſwain,
Leave all your work and haſte away,
For Damon weds his Phillida;
Let mirth and pleaſure then go round,
Let every heart with Joy abound,
And we'll be merry, briſk and gay,
For Damon weds his Phillida.

The ſwains ſhall pipe in pleaſing ſtrains,
The nymphs ſhall dance blithe o'er the plains,

In honour of the happy day
That Damon weds his Phillida:
No melancholy ſhall be ſeen,
All ſhall be happy on the green,
For we'll caſt all our cares away,
When Damon weds his Phillida.

The roſe and lily we'll entwine,
And every pleaſing flower we'll join,
And make a chaplet fair and gay,
To deck the lovely Phillida.
Beneath their feet we flowers will ſtrew,
And garlands hang on ev'ry bough,
And all to grace the wedding-day
Of Damon and his Phillida.

CXXXVI.

THE HERMIT.

By Dr Beatie.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove:

'Twas then by the cave of a mountain reclin'd,
A hermit his nightly complaint thus began;
Though mournful his numbers, his ſoul was reſign'd,
He thought as a ſage, tho' he felt as a man.

Ah! why thus abandon'd to darkneſs and woe?
Why thus lovely Philomel flows thy ſad ſtrain?
For ſpring ſhall return and a lover beſtow,
And thy boſom no trace of misfortune retain:
Yet if pity inſpire thee, Oh! ceaſe not the lay,
Mourn ſweet complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
Oh! ſooth him whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away,
Full quickly they paſs, but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the ſky,
The moon half extinguiſh'd her creſcent diſplays;
But lately I mark'd, when majeſtic on high
She ſhone, and the planets were loſt in their blaze;
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladneſs purſue
The path that conducts thee to ſplendor again;
But man's faded glory no change ſhall renew,
Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain.

'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more,
I mourn, but ye woodlands I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to reſtore,
Perfum'd with freſh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew:
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave;
But when ſhall ſpring viſit the mouldering urn?
Oh! when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave?

CXXXVII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY temples with cluſters of grapes I'll entwine,
And barter all joy for a goblet of wine;
In ſearch of a Venus no longer I'll run,
But ſtop and forget her at Bacchus's urn.

Yet why this reſolve to relinquiſh the fair?
'Tis a folly with ſpirits like mine to deſpair;
For what mighty charms can be found in a glaſs,
If not fill'd to the health of ſome favourite laſs?

'Tis woman whoſe charms ev'ry rapture impart,
And lend a new ſpring to the pulſe of the heart;

The miſer himſelf (ſo ſupreme is her ſway)
Grows convert to love, and reſigns her his key.

At the ſound of her voice, ſorrow lifts up her head,
And poverty liſtens, well-pleas'd, from her ſhed;
While age, in an extaſy, hobbling along,
Beats time, with his crutch, to the tune of her ſong.

Then bring me a goblet from Bacchus's board,
The largeſt and deepeſt that ſtands on the board;
I'll fill up a brimmer, and drink to the fair,
'Tis the thirſt of a lover, and pledge me who dare.

CXXXVIII.

A FREE-MASONS SONG.

LET maſonry from pole to pole,
Her ſacred laws expand;
Far as the mighty waters roll,
To waſh remoteſt land!
That virtue has not left mankind,
Her ſocial maxims prove;
For ſtamp'd upon the maſon's mind
Are unity and love.

Aſcending to her native ſky,
Let Maſonry increaſe;
A glorious pillar rais'd on high,
Integrity its baſe.
Peace adds to olive-boughs entwin'd,
An emblematic dove;
As ſtamp'd upon the maſon's mind
Are unity and love.

CXXXIX.

SONG IN THE CAPRICIOUS LOVERS.

FOR various purpoſe ſerves, the fan,
As thus—a decent blind,
Between the ſticks to peep at man,
Nor yet betray your mind.

Each action has a meaning plain,
Reſentment's in the ſnap;
A flirt expreſſes ſtrong diſdain;
Conſent, a gentle tap.

All paſſions will the fan diſcloſe,
All modes of female art,

And to advantage ſweetly ſhews
The hand, if not the heart.

'Tis folly's ſceptre, firſt deſign'd
By love's capricious boy,
Who knows how lightly all mankind
Are govern'd by a toy.

CXL.

SONG IN THE WEDDING RING.

WHEN firſt the youth his fears forſook,
And that he lov'd I fondly heard,
What ſweetneſs was in ev'ry look,
What eloquence in ev'ry word!

From her whole ſtore, to make me bleſs'd,
Did fortune bid me chooſe;
How gladly would I all the reſt
For love, and him, refuſe.

CXLI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

TO heal the ſmart a bee had made
Upon my Chloe's face.
Honey upon her cheek ſhe laid,
And bid me kiſs the place.

Pleas'd, I obey'd, and from the wound
Imbib'd both ſweet and ſmart;
Honey on my lips I found,
The ſting within my heart.

CXLII.

YOUNG COLIN.

TO court me young Colin came many a mile,
And oft by my ſide he has ſet,
His meaning I often requeſted to know,
And wonder'd what he wou'd be at:
To gain me he ſaid many pretty ſoft things,
Deſcribing the heighth of his paſſion;
When often I've bid him to hold his fool's tongue,
Though faith, 'twas againſt inclination.

I could not help laughing ſometimes I declare,
He ſwore he'd love beyond meaſure;
He'd kiſs me, and,—ſighing,—he'd kiſs me again,
And ſaid I was his whole pleaſure;
When I bid him forbear,—my heart it ſaid—no,
'Twas not in my pow'r to deny
And when he requeſted if I'd be his wife
That moment—I thought I ſhould—die.

The girl that ſays no, never meant it as ſo,
Though ſeemingly prudiſh or ſly,
She may ſay what ſhe will, but cannot diſown
That no—the word—yes does imply.
Oft times as he walk'd he wou'd tell a love tale,
And vow that for me he ſhou'd die;
But rather than ſuch a miſchance ſhould e'er hap
I thought I'd much better comply.

My heart all the time, how it play'd pit-a-pat
The minute he urg'd his requeſt,
And if to be teiz'd—I thought any more,
It wou'd to the purpoſe—be beſt.
To the church in the village next morning he went,
All nonſenſe being over and done,
The prieſt at the altar united our hands,
And Colin and I were made one.

CXLIII.

SEE YOUR COUNTRY RIGHTED.

COME ye lads who wiſh to ſhine
Bright in future ſtory,
Haſte to arms and form the line
That leads to martial glory;

CHORUS.

Charge the muſket, point the lance,
Brave the worſt of dangers,
Tell the bluſtering ſons of France
That we to fear are ſtrangers.

Britain, when the lion's rouz'd,
And her flag is rearing,
Always finds her ſons diſpos'd
To drub the foe that's daring,
Charge the muſket, &c.

Hearts of oak with ſpeed advance,
Pour your naval thunder
On the trembling ſhores of France,
And ſtrike the world with wonder.
Charge the muſket, &c.

Honour for the brave to ſhare
Is the nobleſt booty;
Guard your coaſts, protect the fair,
For that's a Briton's duty.
Charge the muſket, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
Form a baſe alliance,
All unite, and Britiſh hearts
May bid the world defiance;

CHORUS.

Beat the drum the trumpet ſound
Manly and united;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And ſee your country righted.

CXLIV.

YOUNG JAMIE.

BLITHEST lads and laſſes gay,
Hear what my ſong diſcloſes;
As I one morning ſleeping lay
Upon a bank of roſes,

Young Jamie whiſking o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He touch'd his bonnet off his head,
And ſoftly ſat down by me.

Jamie though I right meikle priz'd,
Yet now I wadna ken him,
But with a frown my face diſguis'd,
And ſtrove away to ſend him.
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſt,
And by my ſide down lying,
His beating heart did thump ſo faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry paſſion feigning,
I often roughly ſhot him by,
With words full of diſdaining.
Poor Jamie baulk'd, no favour wins,
Went off much diſcontented,
But I in truth for all my ſins
Ne'er half ſo much repented.

CXLV.

TWO STRINGS TO ONE's BOW.

THO' by Colin I now am forſaken,
No willow my temples ſhall bind;
Tho' in one I by chance am miſtaken,
Another I hope will prove kind:
Young Colin would leave me in ſorrow,
Yet this I would have him to know,
From him this good maxim I borrow,
'Tis beſt to have two ſtrings to one's bow.

I own his bright eyes were my pleaſure,
When love from their beams ſmil'd on me;
I own he was once all my treaſure,
But I'll be as fickle as he.
Young Damon can cure all my ſorrow,
And this I wou'd have you to know,
From the men this good maxim I borrow,
They've always two ſtrings to their bow.

Learn ladies to ſcorn the falſe rovers,
Who ſhun you becauſe you are true;
Prove conſtant and kind to your lovers,
Only while they prove conſtant to you;

For a falſe one 'tis folly to languiſh;
Then attend to my counſel and know,
To avoid all ſuch pining and anguiſh,
I make ſure of two ſtrings to my bow.

CXLVI.

THE CONTENTED MILLER.

IN a plain pleaſant cottage, conveniently neat,
With a mill, and ſome meadows—(a freehold eſtate)
A well-meaning Miller by labour ſupplies
Thoſe bleſſings that nature to grand ones denies;
No paſſions to plague him, no cares to torment,
His conſtant companions are health and content;
Their lordſhips in lace may take note if they will,
For he's honeſt—though daub'd with the duſt of his mill.

Ere the lark's early carol ſalutes the new day,
He ſprings from his cottage, as jocund as May;
He chearfully whiſtles, regardleſs of care,
Or ſings the laſt ballad he bought at the fair:
While courtiers are toil'd in the cobweb of ſtate,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great;

No fraud, nor ambition, his boſom doth fill,
Contented he works if there's griſt for his mill.

On Sunday, bedeck'd in his home-ſpun array,
At church he's the loudeſt to chant, or to pray;
Sits down to a dinner of plain Engliſh food;
And, tho' ſimple the pudding, his appetite's good.
At night, when the prieſt and exciſeman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouſe with Roger and John;
Then returns to his pillow, and dreams of no ill,
No monarch's more bleſt than the man of the mill.

CXLVII.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers ſhall the muſe repeat?
What verſe be found to praiſe my Annie?
On her ten thouſand graces wait,
Each ſwain admires, and owns ſhe's bonny.
Since firſt ſhe trod the happy plain,
She ſet each youthfu' heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her ſwain complain,
That Annie kindles new deſire.

This lovely darling, deareſt care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,

Like ſummer's dawn, ſhe s freſh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
A' day the am'rous youths conveen,
Joyous they ſport and play before her;
A' night, when ſhe nae mair is ſeen,
In bliſsful dreams they ſtill adore her.

Amang the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His riſing ſighs expreſs his flame,
His words were few, his wiſhes many.
Wi' ſmiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind ſhepherd, Why ſhould I deceive ye?
Alas! your love maun be deny'd,
This deſtin'd breaſt can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
His wiles, and ſmiles, his charms beguiling.
He ſtaw awa' my virgin-heart;
Ceaſe, poor Amyntor, ceaſe bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plains the nymphs are many;
Then chuſe ſome heart that's unconfin'd,
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

CXLVIII.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes diſdaining,
To the lyriſt's call repair;
And the ſtrings to rapture ſtraining,
Come and praiſe the Britiſh Fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
Born to conquer and to ſpare,
Were not gallant, were not glorious,
'Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
Which the ſons of art prepare,
Have no pleaſure, life, or ſpirit,
But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reaſon is as weak as paſſion;
But if you for truth declare,
Worth and manhood are the faſhion,
Favour'd by the Britiſh Fair.

CXLIX.

SONG IN THE CONSCIOUS LOVERS.

IF love's a ſweet paſſion, how can it torment!
If bitter, O tell me whence comes my content?
Since I ſuffer with pleaſure, why ſhould I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, ſince I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the pain is, ſo ſoft is the dart,
That at once it both wounds me and tickles my heart.

I graſp her hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate ſilence I make my love known:
But, oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing miſtake to diſcover her love;
When, in ſtriving to hide, ſhe reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleaſing is beauty! how ſweet are the charms!
How delightful embraces! how peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
And to beauty's bright ſtandard all heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.

CL.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—ROSLIN CASTLE.

FROM Roſlin caſtle's echoing walls
Reſounds my ſhepherd's ardent calls,
My Colin bids me come away,
And love demands I ſhould obey.
His melting ſtrain and tuneful lay,
So much the charms of love diſplay,
I yield —— nor longer can refrain
To own my love, and bleſs my ſwain.

No longer can my heart conceal
The painful pleaſing flame I feel,
My ſoul retorts the am'rous ſtrain,
And echoes back in love again;
Where lurks my ſongſter? from what grove
Does Colin pour his notes of love?
O bring me to the happy bow'r,
Where mutual love may bliſs ſecure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the ſong,
Repeating, as it flies along,

To Colin's ear my ſtrain convey,
And ſay, I haſte to come away.
Ye zephyrs ſoft that fan the gale,
Waft to my love the ſoothing tale;
In whiſpers all my ſoul expreſs,
And tell, I haſte his arms to bleſs.

CLI.

THE GOLDFINCH TO CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleaſing notes as Chloe ſung
The charms of heav'nly liberty,
A gentle bird till then with bondage pleas'd,
With ardour panted to be free;
His priſon broke, he ſeeks the diſtant plain;
Yet e'er he flies, tunes forth this parting ſtrain.

AIR.

Whilſt to the diſtant vale I wing,
Nor wait the ſlow return of ſpring,
Rather in leafleſs groves to dwell
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell,
Forgive me, miſtreſs, ſince by thee
I firſt was taught ſweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome ſpring ſhall chear,
With genial warmth the drooping year,
I'll tell, upon the topmoſt ſpray,
Thy ſweeter notes improv'd my lay,
And in my priſon learn'd from thee
To warble forth ſweet liberty.

Waſte not on me an uſeleſs care,
That kind concern let Strephon ſhare;
Slight are my ſorrows, ſlight my ills,
To thoſe which he, poor captive; feels,
Who kept in hopeleſs bonds by thee,
Yet ſtrives not for his liberty.

CLII.

THE HAPPY SWAIN.

RECALL'D from the brink of deſpair,
As light as a feather my mind;
Diſſolv'd in the winds all my care,
Now Phillis has vow'd to be kind.

As blithſome and chearful as May,
Together we range o'er the green;

Her beauties I pipe all the day,
All night I embrace with my Queen.

Such innocent fondneſs ye ſwains,
The great ones are ſtrangers unto;
And kings (for we live on the plains)
But rarely ſuch happineſs know.

If daiſies I pluck for her hair,
Or bil-berries bring from the rocks;
She ſmiles---a reward---the ſweet fair,
And welcomes me back to the flocks.

A wreath now my charmer has wove,
Of myrtles, and woodbines, and bays;
(Fond token of conjugal love)
And "take it, my ſhepherd" ſhe ſays.

As muſe, ſhe engages my ſong,
My hours now are happily ſpent;
The ſhepherds I'm envy'd among,
But care not, am wed to Content.

CLIII.

A FAVOURITE SCOTCH SONG.

WHEN firſt the Eaſt begins to dawn,
And nature's beauties riſe,
The lark aſſumes her mattins ſweet,
And ſeeks the yielding ſkies:
The roſy light that glads her muſe,
Dear to her breaſt muſt be;
But not ſo dear, my ſhepherd knows,
As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
Whoſe ſweet alternate notes,
In pretty ſongs of love prolong
The muſic in their throats:
Dear to the lover's flatt'ring breaſt,
The fair one's note muſt be,
But not ſo dear the thouſandth part
As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird in plaintive mood,
Robb'd of her callow young,
In yonder grove obſerv'd her neſt,
And ſtill her woes ſhe ſung:

No feather'd warbler of the wood
More ſorrowful could be;
But I far greater woes muſt ſhare
Were Damon torn from me.

CLIV.

SPRING.

THE winter of froſt and of ſnow
Has fled from the ſtreams and our plains,
The vi'let is ready to blow,
The blackbird is tuning his ſtrains:
The meadows begin to look gay,
The woods in new dreſſes appear,
And the cuckow has told us to-day,
That May-tide will quickly be here.

Oh come to my cottage, my dear,
If ſpring-time can give you delight;
Sweet muſic ſhall welcome your ear;
What's lovely ſhall gladden your ſight;
As faſt as the flow'rets can riſe,
Both garlands and arbors I'll make,
Oh do not the labours deſpiſe,
That's thought of and done for your ſake.

Could Colin hear half what I ſay,
To my cot in a moment he'd fly;
But 'tis you my fond voice muſt obey,
For Colin is nothing to me.
If May has but charms for my ſwain,
If to me you would wiſh to be kind,
If love does not call you in vain,
You'll come on the wings of the wind.

CLV.

SUMMER.

WHEN the trees all their beautiful verdure renew,
And the meadows look charmingly gay,
When ſmiling Creation looks blooming to view,
Replete with the beauties of May.

When the light-hearted Shepherd chants muſical ſtrains,
As he pipes to his flocks on the hill;
And the Lambkins delighted ſkip blyth o'er the plains
Or friſk by the murmuring rill.

When the cows round the country a gading repair,
Or beneath the cool ſhade ſhun the heat,
When the crimſon-cheek'd milk-maid does kindly prepare,
For her ſweet-heart a ſyllabub treat.

When the country girls wantonly ſport in the deep,
So cautious that all muſt be buſh,
Yet oft the ſly ruſtic procures a full peep,
From the ſide of ſome hillock or buſh.

At eve when the dads and the laſſes do meet,
In a circle to dance on the green,
With native ſimplicity, void of deceit,
And modeſty ſtampt on their mein;

When the birds ſeem inſpir'd by the ſmiling ſcene,
In muſical melody vie;
And the hares midſt the corn fields, they ſafely remain,
Or ſecure in the green meadows lie.

In a ſnug rural cottage ſurrounded with trees,
Where murmuring rivulets glide,
My attendants be Plenty, Contentment and Eaſe,
In ſolitude let me reſide:

CLVI.

A SCOTCH BALLAD.

ON Tay's fair banks you've often ſaid
You wiſh'd that I would try to love ye,
And you'd do all to pleaſe your maid
But fear'd my lot was far above ye.
I heed not dad or mother's ſcorn,
Love gives me to my lad ſo bonny
We for each other ſure are born,
Then take me to your arms my Johnny.

My birth they ſay was high and ſo
For greater match they do deſign me,
They'd have me fly from one ſo low,
But love and fate to you incline me.
I heed not dad, &c.

But ſince I ſpeak my honeſt mind,
And ſwear that you're the ſwain to pleaſe me,
Will you be tender, fond and kind,
And never wiſh to leave or teaſe me?
I heed not dad, &c.

I know your heart is good and true
As any laird's, ſo let's not tarry,
To Tay's fair ſtream, we'll bid adieu,
For folks in love, 'tis beſt to marry.

I heed not dark

CLVII.

FRIENDSHIP TRIUMPHANT.

HOW cruel and hard is my caſe,
Thus rack'd between friendſhip and love,
My Chloe poſſeſſes each grace,
That is ſhar'd by the angels above.
Her beauty an hermit might warm,
The ſwan is excell'd by her mien,
She has ſenſe that Minerva might charm,
She's enchanting to hear and be ſeen,
How cruel and hard is my caſe,
Thus rack'd between friendſhip and love,
My Chloe poſſeſſes each grace,
That is ſhar'd by the angels above.

Ye God's, what delight ſhould I prove,
(Since Chloe attends to my ſtrains)

If my Strephon, my friend, did not love,
And of Chloe chaunt over the plains:
But alas! if my Chloe I wed,
My Strephon's poor bosom 'twill rend,
His body will mix with the dead,
And I must survive my dear friend.
How cruel, &c.

Then, can I my Strephon destroy!
Or purchase my bliss with his death!
Or can I my Chloe enjoy,
When I've robb'd her adorer of breath!
No; rather than murder my friend,
To Strephon my love I'll resign;
And, though I'm approaching my end,
That I've bless'd them, I ne'er shall repine.
How cruel, &c.

CLVIII.

THE HAPPY WARNING.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtillo the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender she cried he was rude:

Tho' he begs with devotion, ſome eaſe for his pain;
The ſhepherd got nothing but frowns and diſdain;
Fatigu'd with his folly, his ſuit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female ſhould fetter him more.

He ſtrove with all caution to eſcape from the net;
But Chloe ſoon caught him, a finiſh'd coquett,
She glanc'd to his glances, ſhe ſigh'd to his ſighs,
And flatter'd his hopes in the language of eyes,
Alas for poor Colin, when put to the teſt,
Himſelf and his paſſion prov'd all but a jeſt.

By the critical third he was caught in the ſnare,
By Fanny, gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
When ſhe found he had merit and love took his part,
She dally'd no longer, but yielded her heart,
With joy they ſubmitted to Hymen's decree,
And now are as happy as happy can be.

As the roſe bud of beauty ſoon ſickens and fades,
The prude and coquett are two ſlighted old maids,
Now their ſweets are all waſted, too late they repent
For tranſport untaſted, for moments miſpent;
Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

CLIX.

MAY IS THE MOTHER OF LOVE.

THE virgin when ſoften'd by May,
Attends to the villager's vow,
The birds ſweet bill on every ſpray,
And poplars embrace with their boughs.
On Ida bright Venus may reign,
Ador'd for her beauty above;
Shepherds, that live on the plain,
Hail May as the mother of love.

Hail May, &c.

At the weſt, as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyer careſſes the pine;
The bee ſteals a kiſs from the roſe,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pink by the rivulets ſide,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downwards to kiſs the ſoft tide,
May, May is the mother of love.

Hail May, &c.

May tinges the butterfly's wing;
He flutters in bridal array:

If larks and the ſweet linnets ſing,
Their muſic is taught them by May:
The ſtock-dove, recluſe with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliſs in the grove;
And murmuring ſeems to repeat,
May, May is the mother of love.

Hail May, &c.

The goddeſs will viſit you ſoon;
Ye virgins be ſportive and gay;
Get pipes, oh ye ſhepherds in tune,
For muſic muſt welcome the May:
Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
And all his keen anguiſh remove,
Let him tell a ſoft tale and he'll find,
May, May is the mother of love.

CLX.

A SCOTS SONG.

Tune,—PINKY HOUSE.

AS Sylvia in a foreſt lay,
To vent her woe alone;
Her ſwain Sylvander came that way,
And heard her dying moan.

Ah! is my love (she said) to you,
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light should darkness turn,
E'en you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.
Was it for this I credit gave,
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain, your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind:
Alas! I see it but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die:
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Should by your self be kill'd.

This said—— all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,

She found her vital ſpirits fail,
And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt:
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

CLXI.

HERO AND LEANDER.

LEANDER on the bay
Of Helleſpont, all naked ſtood;
Impatient of delay,
He leap'd into the fatal flood:
The raging ſeas
(Whom none can pleaſe)
'Gainſt him their malice ſhew;
The heav'ns lour'd,
The rain down pour'd,
And loud the winds did blow.

Then caſting round his eyes,
Thus of his fate he did complain;
Ye cruel rocks and ſkies!
Ye ſtormy winds and angry main!

What 'tis to miſs
The lover's bliſs
Alas!——ye do not know;
Make me your wreck,
As I come back,
But ſpare me——as I go.

Lo!—yonder ſtands the tow'r!
Where my beloved Hero lyes;
And this th' appointed hour,
Which ſets to watch her longing eyes:
To his fond ſuit,
The Gods were mute,
The billows anſwer'd——no!
Up to the ſkies
The ſurges riſe;
But ſunk the youth as low.

Mean while the wiſhing maid,
Divided 'twixt her care and love;
Now does his ſtay upbraid,
Now dreads he ſhould the paſſage prove.
O fate!——ſaid ſhe,
For heav'n nor thee,
Our vows ſhall e'er divide;

I'd leap this wall,
Could I but fall,
By my Leander's ſide.

At length the riſing ſun
Did to her ſight reveal too late,
That Hero was undone,
Not by Leander's fault, but fate;
Said ſhe, I'll ſhew,
Though we are two,
Our loves were ever one;
This proof I'll give,
I will not live,
Nor ſhall he die——alone.

Down from the wall ſhe leap'd
Into the raging ſeas to him,
Courting each wave ſhe met,
To teach her wearied arms to ſwim:
The ſea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept
Her from her lover's ſide;
When join'd at laſt,
She graſp'd him faſt,
Then ſigh'd embrac'd, and died.

CLXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune, HALLOWE'EN.

WHY hangs that cloud upon thy brow?
That beauteous heav'n e'er while ſerene;
Whence do theſe ſtorms and tempeſts flow,
Or what this guſt of paſſion mean?
And muſt then mankind loſe that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to ſhine,
And lie obſcur'd in endleſs night,
For each poor filly ſpeech of mine?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuſe thy fame,
Thy beauty can make large amends:
Or if I durſt profanely try,
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t'upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lye,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus every heart t'inſnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face;

And Pallas with unuſual care,
Bids wiſdom heighten every grace.
Who can the double pain endure?
Or who muſt not reſign the field
To thee, celeſtial maid, ſecure
With Cupid's bow and Pallas' ſhield?

If then to thee ſuch power is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But ſmile, and learn to copy heaven,
Since we muſt ſin e'er it forgive.
Yet pitying heaven not only does
Forgive the offender and the offence,
But even itſelf appeas'd beſtows,
As the reward of penitence.

CLXIII.

THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND: A CANTATA.

TAKEN FROM A CELEBRATED PRINT OF THE INGENIOUS HOGARTH.

RECITATIVE.

'TWAS at the gate of Calais, Hogarth tells,
Where ſad deſpair and famine always dwells,

A meagre Frenchman, Madam Grandfire's cook,
As home he ſteer'd his carcaſe, that way took:
Bending beneath the weight of fam'd Sir-Loin,
Good father Dominick by chance came by,
With roſy gills, round paunch, and greedy eye;
Who, when he firſt beheld the greaſy load,
His benediction on it he beſtow'd:
He lick'd his chaps, and thus the knight adreſs'd:

AIR.

(A Lovely Laſs to a Friar came, &c.)

Oh rare roaſt beef! lov'd by all mankind,
If I was doom'd to have thee,
When dreſs'd and garniſh'd to my mind,
And ſwiming in thy gravy,
Not all thy country's foes combin'd,
Should from my fury ſave thee.

Renown'd Sir-Loin, oft times decreed
The theme of Engliſh ballad;
On thee ev'n kings have deign'd to feed,
Unknown to Frenchman's palate:
Then how much doth thy taſte exceed
Soup-meagre, frogs, and ſallad:

RECITATIVE.

A half-ſtarv'd ſoldier, ſhirtleſs, pale, and lean,
Who ſuch a ſight before had never ſeen,
Like Garrick's frighted Hamlet, gaping ſtood,
And gaz'd with wonder on the Britiſh food.
His morning's meſs forſook the friendly bowl,
And in ſmall ſtreams along the pavement ſtole.
He heav'd a ſigh which gave his heart relief,
And then, in plantive tone, declar'd his grief.

AIR.

(Foote's Minuet.)

Ah, ſacre Dieu! vat do I ſee yonder,
Dat look ſo tempting red and vite?
Begar, it is de roaſt beef from Londre;
Oh! grant to me von letel bite.
But to my guts if you give no heeding,
And cruel fate dis boon denies;
In kind compaſſion unto my pleading,
Return, and let me feaſt my eyes.

RECITATIVE.

His fellow-guard, of right Hibernian clay,
Whoſe brazen front his country did betray,
From Tyburn's fatal tree had hither fled,
By honeſt means to gain his daily bread.

Soon as the well-known proſpect he deſcry'd,
In blubb'ring accents dolefully he cry'd:

AIR.

(Ellen-a-Roon.)

Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
Sweet beef, that now cauſes my ſtomach to riſe,
So taking thy ſight is,
My joy, that ſo light is,
To view thee, by pailfuls runs out at my eyes.
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
While here I remain, my life's not worth a farthing,
Ah, hard-hearted Louis!
Why did I come to you?
The gallows, more kind, would have ſav'd me from ſtarving.

RECITATIVE.

Upon the ground hard by poor Sawney ſate,
Who fed his noſe, and ſcratch'd his ruddy pate;
But when Old England's bulwark he eſpy'd,
His dear-lov'd mull, alas! was thrown aſide;
With lifted hands he bleſs'd his native place,
Then ſcrubb'd himſelf, and thus bewail'd his caſe.

AIR.

(The Broom of Cowdenknows.)

How hard, oh! Sawney, is thy lot,
Who was ſo blithe of late,
To ſee ſuch meat as can't be got,
When hunger is ſo great!
O the beef! the bonny bonny beef,
When roaſted nice and brown;
I wiſh I had a ſlice of thee,
How ſweet it would gang down!

Ah! Charley, hadſt thou not been ſeen,
This ne'er had happ'd to me:
I would the de'il had pick'd mine ey'n,
Ere I had gang'd wi' thee.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

RECITATIVE.

But, ſee! my muſe to England takes her flight,
Where health and plenty ſocially unite;
Where ſmiling freedom guards great George's throne,
And whips, and chains, and tortures are not known.
Tho' Britain's fame in loftieſt ſtrains ſhould ring,
In ruſtic fable give me leave to ſing.

AIR.

As once on a time, a young frog, pert and vain,
Beheld a large ox grazing o'er the wide plain,
He boaſted the ſize he could quickly attain.
O the roaſt beef of Old England,
And O the Old Engliſh roaſt beef.

Then eagerly ſtretching his weak little frame,
Mama, who ſtood by, like a knowing old dame,
Cry'd, "Son, to attempt it you're ſurely to blame."
O the roaſt beef, &c.

But deaf to advice, he for glory did thirſt,
An effort he ventur'd more ſtrong than the firſt,
Till ſwelling and ſtraining too hard made him burſt.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

Then, Britons, be valiant, the moral is clear,
The Ox is old England, the Frog is Monſieur;
Whoſe puffs and bravadoes we need never fear.
O the roaſt beef, &c.

For while by our commerce and arts we are able
To ſee the Sir-Lion ſmoaking hot on our table,
The French may e'en burſt, like the Frog in the fable.
O the roaſt beef of Old England, &c.

CLXIV.

THE SPINNING WHEEL.

TO eaſe his heart and own his flame,
Young Jocky to my cottage came,
And though I lik'd him paſſing weel,
I careleſs turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and ſmall:
Unuſual joy my heart did feel,
But ſtill I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

Then round about my ſlender waiſt
He claſp'd his arms, and me embrac'd;
To kiſs my hand he down did kneel,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

With gentle voice I bid him riſe,
He bleſs'd my neck, my lips, and eyes:
My fondneſs I could ſcarce conceal,
But yet I turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, ſo cloſe he preſs'd,
His wanton thoughts I quickly gueſs'd;
Then puſh'd him from my rock and reel,
And angry turn'd my ſpinning wheel.

At laſt when I began to chide,
He ſwore he meant me for his bride;
'Twas then my love I did reveal,
And flung away my ſpinning wheel.

CLXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WROTE BY A LADY.

WEEP not ye ſtreams of gentle Tay;
Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks ſae bonny?
Though wars have call'd my love away,
Heav'n will protect my faithful Johny.
'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas fame inſpir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd the glitt'ring ſhield.
But ah! how much our parting grieves me!

Let dad and fretful mother ſcold,
And for ſome richer laird deſign me;
Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold,
From youthful Johnny ſhall incline me.
'Twas fame, &c.

What's wealth compar'd to him I love?
To him forever fond to pleaſe me?
The live long day beneath the grove
To kiſs, to clap, to bleſs and ſqueeze me?
'Twas fame, &c.

Weep not, ye ſtreams of ſilver Tay!
Nor mourn ye flow'ry banks, ſae bonny!
Though arms allur'd my love away,
Heav'n will return unhurt my Johnny.
'Twas fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas fame inſpir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd I ſurvey'd the glitt'ring ſhield,
But ah! how much our parting grieves me!

CLXVI.

BIDE YE YET.

GIN I had a wee houſe and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praiſe and admire,
A bonny wee yardy, aſide a wee burn,
Farewell to the bodies that yammer and mourn.
And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet:
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wifie ſou neat and ſou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.
And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there ſhould happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' ſhe be teaz'd,
I'll kiſs her, and clap her, until ſhe be pleas'd.
And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

CLXVII.

THE GREY COCK.

O Saw ye my father, or ſaw ye my mother,
Or ſaw ye my true love John?
I ſaw not your father, I ſaw not your mother,
But I ſaw your true love John.

It's now ten at night, and the ſtars gi'e nae light,
And the bells they ring ding dong;
He's met wi' ſome delay, that cauſeth him to ſtay,
But he will be here ere long.

The ſurly auld carl did naething but ſnarl,
And Johnny's face it grew red;
Yet tho' he often ſigh'd, he ne'er a word reply'd
Till all were aſleep in bed.

Up Johny roſe, and to the door he goes,
And gently tirled the pin;
The laſſie taking tent, unto the door ſhe went,
And ſhe open'd and let him in.

And are ye come at laſt, and do I hold ye faſt?
And is my Johny true?
I hae nae time to tell, but ſae lang's I like myſell,
Sae lang ſhall I love you.

Flee up, flee up, my bonny grey cock,
And craw when it is day;
Your neck ſhall be like the bonny beaten gold,
And your wings of the ſilver grey.

The cock prov'd falſe, and untrue he was,
For he crew an hour o'er ſoon;
The laſſie thought it day when ſhe ſent her love away,
And it was but a blink of the moon.

CLXVIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—BANKS OF FORTH.

YE ſylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
Where ſweetly winding Forth do glide,
Conduct me to theſe banks again,
Since there my charming Molly bides.
Theſe banks that breathe their vernal ſweets,
Where ev'ry ſmiling beauty meets:
Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
And chear the heart of ev'ry ſwain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
When I, amidſt the rural throng,
On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
And Molly's charms were all my ſong.
While ſhe was preſent all were gay,
No ſorrow did our mirth allay;
We ſung of pleaſure, ſung of love,
And muſic breath'd in ev'ry grove.

O then was I the happieſt ſwain!
No adverſe fortune marr'd my joy;

The ſhepherds ſigh'd for her in vain,
On me ſhe ſmil'd, to them was coy.
O'er Fortha's mazy banks we ſtray'd:
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the moſſy bank reclin'd,
Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find
The charming Molly lull'd aſleep:
My heart then leap'd with inward bliſs,
I ſoftly ſtoop'd and ſtole a kiſs;
She wak'd, ſhe bluſh'd, and faintly blam'd,
Why, Damon are you not aſham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
Where birds their muſic chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we ſung our loves,
And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral ſmile,
Love was our banquet all the while;
The lovely proſpect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the ſky.

Ye ſylvan pow'rs and rural gods,
To whom we ſwains our cares impart,

Reſtore me to theſe bleſt abodes,
And eaſe, oh eaſe! my love-ſick heart;
Theſe happy days again reſtore,
When Moll and I ſhall part no more;
When ſhe ſhall fill theſe longing arms,
And crown my bliſs with all her charms.

CLXIX.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
And broom bloom'd fair to ſee;
And Mary was complete fifteen,
And love laugh'd in her ee';
Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move
To ſpeak her mind thus free:
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"And ſoon I'll follow thee;
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"And I'll ſoon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad ſurpaſs
That dwelt on this burn-ſide;
And Mary was the bonnieſt laſs,
Juſt meet to be his bride.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were roſy, red and white,
Her een were bonny blue,
Her looks were like Aurora bright.
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted her his faith and troth,
And a bonny bride he made her:
No more aſham'd to own her love,
Or ſpeak her mind thus free;
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"And I'll ſoon follow thee;
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Down the burn Davie, love,
"Gang down the burn Davie, love,
"And I'll ſoon follow thee."

CLXX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AMIDST a roſy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
In ſighs he ſpent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely ſtate.

Gay joy no more ſhall cheer his mind,
No wanton ſports can ſoothe his care,
Since ſweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of bleak deſpair.

His looks they were as freſh as morn,
Can now no longer ſmiles impart;
His penſive ſoul on ſadneſs born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your ſwain,
Unſhroud him from his veil of woe;
Range every charm to eaſe the pain
That in his tortur'd breaſt doth grow.

CLXXI.

A BACCHANAL's PRAYER.

SINCE there's ſo ſmall diff'rence 'twixt drowning and drinking,
Let's tipple and pray too, like mariners ſinking;
Whilſt they drink ſalt water we'll pledge them in wine,
And pay our devotion at Bacchus' ſhrine.
O Bacchus, great Bacchus! for ever defend us!
And plentiful ſtore of good Burgandy ſend us.

From hunger and thirſt, empty bottles and glaſſes,
And thoſe whoſe religion conſiſts in grimaces;
From medling with guns or ſuch dangerous things:
From taking up arms in defiance of kings.
O Bacchus, &c.

From medling with ſtate or what paſſes above,
From a ſurfeit of cabbage, from lawſuits and love,
From the ſcolding of women and bite of mad dogs,
From wandering over the wild Iriſh bogs.
O Bacchus, &c.

From riding a jade that will ſtart at a feather,
From ending a journey with loſs of much leather;

From e'er being cheated by female decoys,
From hum'ring old women, and reas'ning with boys;
O Bacchus, great Bacchus! for ever defend us!
And plentiful ſtore of good Burgandy ſend us.

CLXXII.

THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

NOW pleaſure unbounded reſounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the ſmiles of the damſels and ſwains,
As they follow the laſt team of harveſt along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a ſong:
Poſſeſſ'd of the plenty that bleſſes the year,
And when tempeſts rattle and hurricans roar,
Bleak Winter's approach they behold without fear,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languiſh for more.

Dear Chloe, from them let us learn to be wiſe,
And uſe every moment of life as it flies;
Gay youth is the Spring time which all muſt improve
For Summer to ripen and Harveſt to love;
Our hearts then a provident care ſhould engage,
To lay friendſhip in ſtore for the Winter of rage;
Whoſe frowns ſhall diſarm ev'n Chloe's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my boſom, and pale ev'ry joy.

CLXXIII.

THE PARSON.

A Parſon who had the remarkable foible
Of minding the bottle, much more than the Bible,
Was deem'd by his neighbours to be leſs perplext,
In handling a tankard than handling a text.
Derry down, &c.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday he cry'd,
Make patience, my dearly beloved your guide;
And in your diſtreſſes, your troubles and croſſes,
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes.
Derry down, &c.

The parſon had got a ſtout caſk of ſtrong beer
By way of a preſent—no matter from where—
Suffice it to know, it was toothſome and good,
And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.
Derry down, &c.

While he the church-ſervice in haſte rambl'd o'er,
The hogs found a way thro' his old celler door,
And by the ſtrong ſcent to the beer-barrel led,
Had knock'd out the ſpiggot, or cock, from its head.
Derry down, &c.

Out ſpouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
The unbidden gueſts quaff'd it merrily round;
Nor from their diverſion and merriment ceaſt,
'Till ev'ry hog there was as drunk as a beaſt.
Derry down, &c.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good chear;
And taſte his delightful October-brew'd beer.
Derry down, &c.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid ſnug,
Here wife, ſays the parſon, go, fetch up a mug
But a mug of what, he had ſcarce time to tell her,
When—yonder, ſaid ſhe, are the hogs in the celler!
Derry down, &c.

To be ſure they've got in, when we were at pray'rs;
To be ſure you're a fool, ſaid he, get you down ſtairs,
And bring what I bid you, or ſee what's the matter,
For now I myſelf hear a grunting and clatter.
Derry down, &c.

She went; and returning, with ſorrowful face,
In ſuitable phraſes related the caſe:

He rav'd like a madman about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom.
Derry down, &c.

Was ever poor fellow ſo peſter'd as I,
Quoth he, the ſlut makes all the houſe like a ſtye—
How come you to lock your d-n'd hogs in the kitchen,
Is that a fit place to put cattle, you b—h, in?
Derry down, &c.

Lord, huſband, ſaid ſhe, what a coil you keep here,
About a poor beggarly barrel of beer!
You ſhould "in your troubles, miſchances and croſſes,
Remember the patience of Job in his loſſes."
Derry down, &c.

A p-x upon Job! cried the prieſt in a rage,
That beer, I dare ſay, was near ten years of age:
But you're a poor ignorant jade like his wife;
For Job never had ſuch a caſk in his life.
Derry down, &c.

Now, neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your caſe let me tell you's not better a pin;

With goodneſs and wiſdom your theory back'd is,
But you're ten to one, knave and fool in the practice.
Derry down, &c.

Whoever you are, I'll be ſworn you're no ſaint;
Would you mend?——then yourſelf with your failings acquaint,
Theſe conquer, and then, give advice, if you chuſe;
For who'd give you thanks for a thing you can't uſe.
Derry down, &c.

CLXXIV.

SOCIAL POWERS.

COME now all ye ſocial powers,
Shed your influence o'er us;
Crown with joy the preſent hours,
Enliven thoſe before us:
Fill the flaſk the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Fill the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;

Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And caſt dull care behind us.

Friendſhip with thy power divine,
Brighten all our features;
What but friendſhip, love and wine,
Can make us happy creatures.
Fill the flaſk, &c.

Love, thy godhead I adore,
Source of gen'rous paſſions;
But will ne'er bow down before,
Thoſe idols, wealth and faſhion.
Fill the flaſk, &c.

Why the plague ſhould we be ſad,
While on earth we moulder;
Whether we're merry, grave or mad,
We ev'ry day grow older.
Fill the flaſk, &c.

Then ſince time will ſteal away,
Spite of all our ſorrow;
Heighten ev'ry joy to day,
And never mind to-morrow.

Fill the flaſk the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And leave dull care behind us.

CHORUS.

Fill the flaſk, the muſic bring,
Joy ſhall quickly find us;
Drink and dance, and laugh and ſing,
And leave dull care behind us.

CLXXV.

A LAPLAND LOVE-SONG.

THOU riſing ſun whoſe gladſome ray,
Invites my fair to rural play,
Diſpel the miſt and clear the ſkies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I ſure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmoſt bough;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What woods conceal my ſleeping maid?

Up by the roots enrag'd, I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and ſkies,
Or on the raven's pinions riſe!
Ye ſtorks, ye ſwans, a moment ſtay,
And waft a lover on his way.

My bliſs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wafting ſummer flies;
Nor yet the wint'ry blaſts I fear,
Not ſtorms or nights ſhall keep me here.

What may for ſtrength with ſteel compare?
Oh! love has ſtronger fetters far!
By bolts of ſteel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex the breaſt;
When thoughts perplex, the firſt are beſt:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to ſtay;
Away to Orra, haſte away.

CLXXVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—LUMPS OF PUDDING.

HOLLO! keep it up boys, and puſh round the glaſs,
Let each ſeize his bumper, and drink to his laſs:
Away with dull thinking—'tis madneſs to think—
And let thoſe be ſober who've nothing to drink.
Tal de ral, &c.

Silence that vile clock, with its iron-tongued bell,
Of the hour that's departed ſtill ringing the knell:
But what is't to us that the hours fly away!
'Tis only a ſignal to moiſten the clay.

Huzza! boys, let each take a bumper in hand,
And ſtand—if there's any one able to ſtand.
How all things dance round me!—'tis life, though my boys;
Of drinking and ſpewing how great are the joys!

My head! oh, my head!—but no matter 'tis life;
Far better than mopping at home with one's wife:
The pleaſures of drinking you're ſure muſt be grand,
When I'm neither able to think, ſpeak, nor ſtand.

CLXXVII.

WILLIE OF THE DALE.

AS through the fields I chanc'd to ſtray,
To hear the Linnet's ſong,
I met a ſhepherd in my way,
The blitheſt of the throng.
He ſtopt and gave my cheek a pat,
And told a tender tale;
Then ſtole a kiſs,—but what of that,
'Twas Willie of the Dale.

He preſs'd my hand, and talk'd of love
With extaſy divine;
Nay, ſwore he'd ever faithful prove,
And, if I pleas'd, be mine.
To meet him thus, (no creature near,)
Soon made my cheeks look pale:
But he declar'd I need not fear,
Young Willy of the Dale.

None ſure poſſeſs ſuch charms as he,
To win a maiden's mind;
He's youthful, witty, gay and free,
And what's ſtill more he's kind;

For now he meets me ev'ry night,
At which the laſſes rail,
And vows I am the ſole delight
Of Willy of the Dale.

CLXXVIII.

A FAVOURITE MAD SONG.

MY Lodging is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fate;
But that which grieves me more, love,
Is the coldneſs of my dear:
Yet ſtill ſhe cried, turn love,
I pray thee love turn to me;
For thou art the only girl, love,
That is ador'd by me.

With a garland of Straw I will crown thee love,
I'll marry you with a ruſh ring:
Thy frozen heart ſhall melt with love,
So merrily I ſhall ſing.
Yet ſtill, &c.

But if you will harden your heart, love,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan:

Oh! I muſt endure the ſmart, love,
And tumble in Straw all alone,
Yet ſtill, &c.

CLXXIX.

COLINET.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betſy is my charming bride!
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul,
Who ſo fair as lovely Bet?
Who ſo bleſt as Colinet?

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts;
Welcome hymen's laſting joys,
Liſping wanton girls and boys;
Girls as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys as ſweet as Colinet.

Though ripe ſheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn,
Though I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
With the faireſt, ſweeteſt flow'rs;
Riper, fairer, ſweeter, yet
Are the charms of Colinet.

A

Though on Sundays I was ſeen,
Dreſs'd like any May-day queen;
Though ſix ſweethearts daily ſtrove,
To deſerve thy Betty's love;
Them I quit without regret;
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the ruſtic lay,
Crown with ſorts our bridal day:
May each lad a miſtreſs find;
Like my Betſy, fair and kind;
And each laſs a huſband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul;
May the ſun ne'er riſe or ſet,
But with joy to happy Bet,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

CLXXX.

JOCKEY.

AS Jockey was trudging the meadows ſo gay,
So blithe and ſo bonny his air;

He met a young lass who was going his way,
Her face all so clouded with care;
He ask'd her what made her so mopping and sad?
'Twas pity if she were in pain:
She sigh'd, "I have lost the veriest best lad,
"And I never shall see him again!"

Is he gone to the wars for full many a year,
Quoth Jockey, who troubles you so?
Or else, where on earth he can never appear,
Where you and I surely must go?
"No, he's fled (she reply'd) with another fond she,
"Though to me he was plighted for aye,
"O'er the mountains he's gone with another from me,
"And therefore I cannot be gay."

If that's all, quoth Jockey, your wailing give o'er,
He's a loon, who is not worth your pain;
Let him go since he's chang'd, be you wretched no more,
Nor think of a false hearted swain:
But take, if you will, for the lad of your heart,
Whom fortune has thrown in your way,
I'll soothe all your grief, and I'll banish your smart,
Here I'm ready to do as I say.

Then he wip'd her bright eyes, and he ſung her a ſong,
Her face look'd no longer deſpair;
He whiſper'd of love as they ſaunter'd along
And ſhe thought him a lad worth her care:
She ſmil'd and grew pleas'd, late a ſtranger to joy,
And Jockey perceiving her kind,
More preſſing was grown, and the laſs was leſs coy,
So ſhe drove the falſe loon from her mind.

CLXXXI.

THE HAPPY CLOWN.

HOW happy is the rural clown,
Who far remov'd from noiſe of town,
Contemns the glory of a crown,
And in his ſafe retreat,
Is pleaſed with his low degree;
Is rich, in decent poverty:
From ſtrife, from care, and buſineſs free,
At once both good and great.

No drums diſturb his morning ſleep;
He fears no danger of the deep;

Nor noiſy law, nor courts can heap
Vexation on his mind.
No trumpets rouſe him to the war;
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare,
From ſtate intrigues he holds afar,
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like thoſe in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His ſmall paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds.
Each ſeaſon of the wheeling year
Induſtrious he, improves with care,
And ſtill ſome ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil ſucceeds.

Now by a ſilver ſtream he lyes,
And angles with his baits or flies;
And next, the ſylvan ſcene he tries,
His ſpirits to regale.
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock or teeming cows;
Then tunes his reed or tries his muſe,
That waits his honeſt call.

Amidſt his harmleſs eaſy joys,
No care his peace of mind deſtroys;

Nor does he pass his time in toys,
Beneath his juſt regard.
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To prune and feed his tender trees;
And for attending well his bees
Enjoys a juſt reward.

The flow'ry meads and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight.
But O how pleaſant is his life,
Bleſſed with a chaſte and virtuous wife,
And children prattling without ſtrife,
Around his fire at night.

Hid from himſelf now by the dawn,
He ſtarts as freſh as roſes blawn,
And ranges o'er the height and lawn
After his bleeting flock:
Healthful and innocently gay,
He chants and whiſtles out the day;
Untaught to ſmile and then betray,
Like courtly weather cocks.

CLXXXII.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

DESPAIRING beſide a clear ſtream,
A ſhepherd forſaken was laid;
A while a falſe nymph was his theme,
A willow ſupported his head.
The wind that blows over the plain,
To his ſighs with a ſigh did reply:
And the brook in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! ſilly ſwain that I was,
(Thus ſadly complaining he cry'd;)
When firſt I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talked, and bleſſ'd her dear tongue:
When ſhe ſmil'd, it was pleaſure too great;
I liſten'd and cry'd when ſhe ſung,
Was nightingale ever ſo ſweet!

How fooliſh was I to believe,
She could doat on ſo lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forſake the fine folk of the town:

To think that a beauty ſo gay,
So kind and ſo conſtant would prove;
Or go, clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have ſkill to complain,
Though the muſes my temples have crown'd,
What though, when they hear my ſoft ſtrains,
The virgins ſo weeping around?
Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel reſign,
Thy fair one inclines to a ſwain,
Whoſe muſic is ſweeter than thine.

All you, my companions ſo dear,
Who ſorrow to ſee me betray'd,
Whatever I ſuffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuſe the falſe maid:
Tho' thro' the wide world I ſhou'd range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be falſe and to change,
'Tis mine to be conſtant and die.

If while my hard fate I ſuſtain,
In her breaſt any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And ſee me laid low on the ground:

The laſt humble boon that I crave,
Is to ſtrew me with cypreſs and yew,
And when ſhe looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her ſhepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array;
Be fineſt at every fine ſhow,
And frolic it all the long day:
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more ſhall be talk'd of or ſeen,
Unleſs when beneath the pale moon,
His ghoſt ſhall glide over the green.

CLXXXIII.

THE FARMER's BLUNDER.

A While but attend and a tale I'll relate,
Which I hope for the preſent ſome mirth will create.
The ſtory is very well known in the weſt,
Where many good people ſtill laugh at the jeſt.

A farmer who long had indulg'd a desire,
To see London town and to visit the 'Squire,
When his rent became due he set out for the place,
As he thought that would make him appear with
a grace.

The 'Squire was well pleas'd this tenant to view,
Why farmer he cried you are punctual and true,
Come butler make haste with a bottle of wine,
And tenant walk in for you shall stay and dine.

Then leading the way to the parlour he goes,
Which was full of fine ladies and very fine beaus;
The farmer he scrap'd and he pull'd off his hat,
Scratch'd his ears and could hardly tell what to be at.

When he saw such fine folks he soon offer'd to go,
And begg'd he might dine with the servants below,
For fear of some blunder which he might commit,
But the 'Squire insisted that down he should sit.

The dinner serv'd in, and the company plac'd,
The farmer was help'd with each thing in high taste,
When he drank, from the table his manners to prove
He rose, and as constantly gave them his love.

A wagg, who to miſchief was often inclin'd,
Gave a hint for removing his chair from behind,
He catches the cloth when he finds he muſt fall,
And down came the diſhes, the ſauces and all.

The beaus and the belles were all ſtrait in a flutter,
Their cloaths were beſprinkled with gravy and butter;
O curſe you ſays one you have ſpoil'd my beſt ſacque,
But the farmer lay ſilent a while on his back.

A cuſtard by accident fell in his chops,
And on his huge belly a pudding there drops;
One roars out like thunder he'll pink out his ſoul,
But the farmer roſe up and thus ſpoke to the whole:

'Tis owing to you I am now in diſgrace,
You ſhould never put people, thus out of their place;
To the country I ſoon will be jogging amain,
And I hope I ſhall never ſee London again.

CLXXXIV.

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and ſweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart;

Where nightingales warble their loves,
And nature is dreſs'd without art;
No pleaſure ye now can afford,
Nor muſic can lull you to reſt;
For Phillis proves falſe to her word,
And Strephon can never be bleſt.

Oft-times by the ſide of a ſpring,
Where roſes and lilies appear,
Gay Phillis of Strephon would ſing,
For Strephon was all ſhe held dear:
But as ſoon as ſhe found by my eyes,
The paſſion that flow'd in my breaſt,
She then, to my grief and ſurprize,
Prov'd all ſhe had ſaid was a jeſt.

Too late, to my ſorrow, I find,
The beauties alone that will laſt,
Are thoſe that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blaſt:
Beware, then, beware how ye truſt
Coquettes, who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been juſt,
If Nature had bleſs'd her with ſenſe.

CLXXXV.

SONG IN MASQUE OF ALFRED.

YE warblers, while Strephon I mourn,
To chear me your harmony bring;
Unleſs, ſince my ſhepherd is gone,
You ceaſe, like poor Phillis to ſing;
Each flower declines its ſweet head,
Nor odours around me will throw,
While ev'ry ſoft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amuſement I try,
In vain to reſtore my paſt eaſe;
What charm'd when my Strephon was by,
Has now loſt the power to pleaſe:
Ye ſeaſons that brighten the grove,
Not long for your abſence we mourn;
But Strephon neglects me and love,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the ſpring is my dear,
And ſweet as all flowers combin'd;
His ſmiles, like the ſummer, can chear,
Ah! why then, like winter unkind?

Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be;
To Celia and Chloe make love,
And only is cruel to me.

CLXXXVI.

INVITATION TO AMELIA.

HASTE, haſte, Amelia, gentle fair,
To ſoft Elyſian gales;
From ſmoke to ſmiling ſkies repair,
And ſun-illumin'd vales:
No ſighs, no murmurs, haunt the grove,
But bleſſings crown the plains;
Here calm contentment, heav'n-born maid,
And peace, the cherub, reigns.

O come! for thee the roſes bloom,
The deep carnation grows;
For thee ſweet vi'lets breathe perfume,
The white-rob'd lily blows;
For thee the ſtreams the Naiads roll,
The daiſied hills are gay;
Where (emblems of Amelia's ſoul)
The ſportleſs lambkins play.

From vale to vale the zephyrs rove,
To rob the unfolding flowers
And muſic melts in every grove,
To charm thy rural hours;
The warbling lark, high-poiz'd in air,
Exerting all his pride,
Will ſtrive to pleaſe Amelia fair,
Who pleaſes all beſide.

CLXXXVII.

JOHN O' BADENYON.

WHEN firſt I came to be a man
Of twenty years or ſo,
I thought myſelf a handſome youth,
And fain the world would know;
In beſt attire I ſtepp'd abroad,
With ſpirits briſk and gay;
And here and there, and every where
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had nor fear of want,
But rambled up and down,
And for a beau I might have paſs'd
In country or in town:

I ſtill was pleas'd where'er I went,
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myſelf
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

Now in the days of youthful prime,
A miſtreſs I muſt find,
For love, I heard, gave one an air,
And ev'n improv'd the mind,
On Phillis fair, among the reſt,
Kind Fortune fix'd my eyes,
Her piercing beauties ſtruck my heart,
And ſhe became my choice.

To Cupid now with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and ſung, and ſigh'd and ſwore,
As other lovers do;
But when at laſt I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as ſtone,
I left the girl and tun'd my pipe,
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd,
With fooliſh hopes and vain,
To friendſhip next I ſteer'd my courſe
And laugh'd at lovers pain;

A friend I got by lucky chance,
'T'was ſomething like divine,
An honeſt friend's a precious gift,
And ſuch a gift was mine;
But now whatever might betide,
A happy man was I,
In any ſtrait I knew to whom,
I freely might apply;
A ſtrait ſoon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and ſpurn'd my moan,
I hy'd me home and tun'd my pipe,
To John a' Badenyon.

Methought I ſhould be wiſer next,
And would a patriot turn,
Began to doat on Johnnie Wilkes,
And cry'd up Parſon Horn;
Their noble ſpirit I admir'd,
And prais'd their manly zeal,
Who had with flaming tongue and pen,
Maintain'd the public weal;
But e'er a month or two was paſt,
I found myſelf betray'd,
'Twas ſelf and party after all,
For all the ſtir they made;

At laſt I ſaw the factious knaves,
Inſult the very throne,
I curs'd them a' and tun'd my pipe,
To John of Badenyon.

What next to do I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to ſucceed,
I pitch'd on books and company,
And gravely try'd to read;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And ſtudied night and day,
Nor miſs'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way;
Philoſophy I now eſteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth,
A thouſand various ſcheames I found,
I yet was pleas'd with none,
I threw them by and tun'd my Pipe,
To John o' Badenyon.

And now ye youngſters every one,
That wiſh to make a noiſe,
Take heed in time nor fondly hope,
For happineſs below;

What you may fancy pleaſure here,
Is but an empty name,
And girls and friends and books and ſo,
You'll find them a' the ſame:
Then be advis'd and warning take,
From ſuch a man as me;
I'm neither Pope nor Cardinal,
Nor one of low degree;
You'll meet diſpleaſures ev'ry where,
Then do as I have done,
E'en tune your pipe, and pleaſe yourſelf
Wi' John o' Badenyon.

CLXXXVIII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

AS down on Banna's banks I ſtray'd,
One ev'ning in May:
The little birds in blytheſt notes,
Made vocal ev'ry ſpray,
They ſung their little tales of love,
They ſung them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree ma Colleenouge ma Molly aſthore.

The daiſy pied, and all the ſweets,
The dawn of nature yields,
The primroſe pale, the vi'let blue,
Lay ſcatter'd o'er the field;
Such fragrance in the boſom lyes,
Of her whom I adore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank
Bewailing my ſad fate,
That doom'd me thus the ſlave of love—
And cruel Molly's hate;
How can ſhe break the honeſt heart,
That wears her in its core.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

You ſaid you lov'd me Molly dear,
Ah why did I believe;
Yet who could think ſuch tender words
Were meant but to deceive;
That love was all I aſk'd on earth,
Nay heav'n could give no more,
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flock that graze,
On yonder yellow hill,

Or low'd for me the num'rous herds,
That yon green paſture fill;
With her I love I'd gladly ſhare,
My kine and fleecy ſtore.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head,
Sat courting on a bough,
I envied them their happineſs,
To ſee them bill and coo;
Such fondneſs once for me ſhe ſhew'd,
But now alas it's o'er,
Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well my Molly dear,
Thy loſs I e'er ſhall mourn,
While life remains in Strephon's breaſt,
'Twill beat for thee alone;
Tho' thou art falſe may heav'n on thee,
Its choiceſt bleſſings pour.
Ah Gramachree, &c.

CLXXXIX.

ANSWER TO GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

YE gentle winds that ſoftly blow,
Along the verdant plain;
Go whiſper to my Strephon's ear,
His love's return'd again;
In ſweeteſt language tell the youth,
His ſorrows to give o'er,
Ah Gramachree! my love ſhall be,
As happy as before.

The daiſy pied and all the ſweets,
Of nature's flow'ry bed;
Shall join to make a garland, meet
For my dear Strephon's head;
The primroſe pale and vi'let blue,
I'll add into the ſtore;
Ah Ghramachree! and we ſhall be,
As happy as before.

Full many a ſcene of mourning,
Thy Molly late has known;
Becauſe my heart its fondneſs kept,
For thee my dear alone;

My parents hid me from thy ſight,
And ſpurn'd thee from their door;
Ah Gramachree! but now we'll be,
As happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
Bewailing my ſad fate;
And like a faithful turtle dove,
I mourn'd my abſent mate;
And as the ling'ring moments paſs'd,
(I told them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree! but now I'll be,
As happy as before.

You ſaid you lov'd your Molly dear,
Thy vows I did believe;
For well I knew my Strephon's heart,
Would ne'er my faith deceive;
Thy love was all I wiſh'd on earth,
For heav'n could give no more,
Ah Gramachree! and now we'll be,
As happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend,
Upon the yellow hill;

And gaze enraptur'd on the ſweets,
Which yon fair proſpect fill;
While heav'n upon our mutual love,
Shall all its bleſſings pour;
Ah Gramachree! we then ſhall be,
As happy as before.

CXC.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

I Met in our village a ſwain t'other day,
He ſtopt me, and begg'd me a moment to ſtay;
Then bluſh'd, and in language I ne'er heard before,
He talk'd much of love, and ſome pains that he bore:
But what was his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart felt, I cannot tell how.

Each morning the jeſſamine, vi'let and roſe,
He brings me, and ev'ry ſweet flower that grows;
The ſweeteſt, and gayeſt, he picks from the reſt,
And begs me to wear theſe fine things in my breaſt;
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

At my feet the young ſhepherd for ever I ſee,
Proteſting he never lov'd any but me;
He gazes with tranſport and kiſſes me too,
And ſwears that he'll ever be conſtant and true;
But what is his meaning, I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

I oft ſee the tears ſtreaming faſt from his eyes,
And hear him, poor youth, breathe a thouſand ſighs;
He tells me no nymph in the world is like me,
No ſhepherd alive ſo unhappy as he:
But what is his meaning I know not, I vow;
Yet, alas! my poor heart feels, I cannot tell how.

Why does the dear ſhepherd to me thus complain,
And ſay that my eyes are the cauſe of his pain;
Indeed ever ſince his ſad fate I deplore,
And I wiſh I knew how he might ſuffer no more;
I'll do all I can to relieve him I vow,
If he will be ſo kind as to teach me but how.

CXCI.

A DRINKING SONG.

YE fam'd witty nine,
Aſſiſt my deſign,
And put your ſweet voices in tune,
While Parnaſſus I mount,
And in carrols recount,
The joys of the ſocial half-moon.

The yellow hair'd Scot,
His Pattie has got,
The Hibernian his Ellen-a-roon;
But Britons fond lays,
To night are in praiſe,
Of their miſtreſs chaſte Cynthia the moon.

Some bards may declare,
That Kitty is fair,
And more ſweet than the roſes in June,
But what reigning toaſt,
At St James's can boaſt,
Such a number of ſtars as the moon.

Then Bacchus do thou,
Be kind to us now,
And luxuriouſly favour our boon;
Fill the bowel to the brink,
That your vot'ries may drink,
'Till their faces look like the full moon.

Let dull ſober fools,
Whom temperance rules,
Sneak away to their pillow by noon;
Such choice ſouls as we,
Gay, jovial, and free,
Stagger home by the light of the moon.

We laugh and we ſing,
Our glaſſes we ring,
To depart always think it too ſoon;
Then while there's good wine,
Let's chearfully join,
In a health to the man of the moon.

CXCII.

A HUNTING SONG.

THE hounds are all out and the morning does peep;
Why, how now, you ſluggardly ſot!
How can you, how can you lie ſnoring aſleep,
While we all on horſe-back have got,
My brave boys;
While we all on horſe-back are got.

I cannot get up, for the over nights cup,
So terribly lies in my head;
Beſides my wife cries, my dear, do not riſe,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy;
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and ſaddle your mare,
Nor tire us with longer delay;
The cry of the hounds, and the ſight of the hare,
Will chaſe all dull vapours away,
My brave boys;
Will chaſe all dull vapours away.

CXCIII.

A FAVOURITE SONG:

TO A GIRL OF TEN YEARS OF AGE.

YE loves and ye graces ſo ſweet
That ſport on the Tweed and the Tay;
Fly ſouthward my Philly to meet;
She'll play with you all the long day.
Our turf is as verdant and ſoft,
Our proſpect as beautiful ſprings;
The finches they trill it aloft,
And melting the nightingale ſings.

When heaven looks ſmiling above,
And Flora her treaſure forth pours;
Does Philly abroad never rove?
Say, does ſhe not pick a few flowers?
Does ſhe find out the king-cup ſo gay:
Do cowſlips their odours diſcloſe!
Or the violet ſweeter than they,
That only can yield to the roſe.

All nature does joyous appear,
And frolicks at Philly's command;

See flies how they buz at her ear,
And lady-birds dance on her hand.
See butterflies floating along,
With colours to pleasure the fair;
The bees they fly humming a song,
And chirp goes the grashopper there.

Ye two-legg'd unfeather'd folk sing,
Lay hold on the fast flying time;
Your smooth flowing madrigals bring,
Nor loose the soft hour of her prime.
Melodious, oh chant while you may,
Your musical passions unfold:
For she'll be too wise for your lay,
Before she is fifteen years old.

CXCIV.

ON THE MARRIAGE ACT.

THE fool that is wealthy is sure of a bride;
For riches like fig-leaves, their nakedness hide:
The slave that is poor must starve all his life,
In a bachelor's bed without mistress or wife.

In good days of yore they ne'er troubled their
heads,
In ſettling of jointures or making of deeds.
But Adam and Eve when they firſt enter'd courſe,
E'en took one and other, for better for worſe.

Then pr'ythee, dear Chloe, ne'er aim to be great:
Let love be the jointure; ne'er mind an eſtate:
You can never be poor, having all thoſe dear charms;
And I ſhall be rich, when I've you in my arms.

CXCV.

DAMON AND CUPID.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
The ſhepherds home were ſped;
The moon wide o'er the lawn
Her ſilver mantle ſpread:
When Damon paſs'd that way,
And ſaunter'd in the grove;
Will ne'er a nymph be kind,
And give me love for love.

Oh! thoſe were golden hours,
When love devoid of cares,

In all Arcadia's bow'rs,
Lodg'd ſwains and nymphs by pairs;
But now from wood and plain
Flies every ſprightly laſs;
No joys for me remain,
In ſhades or on the graſs.

The winged boy draws near
And thus the ſwain reproves:
While beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves.
At court I never fail,
To ſcatter round my arrows;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like ſparrows.

Then ſwain, if me you need,
Straight lay your ſheep hook down;
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haſte away to town;
So well I'm known at Court,
None aſks where Cupid dwells,
But readily reſort,
To Benſon's or Lapell's.

CXCVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

A Taylor there was and he liv'd in a garret,
Who ne'er in his days taſted champaign or
claret;
With high ſoups or ragouts he never was fed,
But cabbage, believe me, was his daily bread.
Derry down, &c.

His work he purſu'd without any repining,
When bleſs'd with a pint of three threads for a
lining;
Till Cupid, whoſe arrows moſt cruelly treat us,
With a ſempſtreſs's bodkin deſtroy'd his Quietus.
Derry down, &c.

No longer a birth night affords any pleaſure,
His patterns lie ſcatter'd, in tatters his meaſure:
His bill he contrives not with items to ſwell;
Silk, twiſt, tape and buckram he damns them to
hell.
Derry down, &c.

Cupid pitying his caſe, at length flew to his aid,
And help'd him to fine-draw the hole he had made,

He bade him be bold, and not ſtand like a mute,
And never give out, till he'd finiſh'd his ſuit.
Derry down, &c.

He viſits the ſempſtreſs, with aukward addreſs,
Proteſts on her kindneſs hung his happineſs;
But ſhe ſcornfully ſneer'd at his ſpeeches and wheadle,
For ſhe, lack-a-day, was as ſharp as a needle.
Derry down, &c.

He told her on hon'rable terms he was come,
And begg'd he might ſoon be inform'd of his doom;
Unleſs ſhe'd conſent to be ſhortly his wife,
The fates ſhears wou'd ſoon ſnip off his remnant of life.
Derry down, &c.

D'ye think, cry'd the ſempſtreſs, I'll take for a ſpouſe,
One whom no one eſteems at three ſkips of a louſe;
Advance in your favour whatever you can,
A taylor is but the ninth part of a man.
Derry down, &c.

The taylor proceeded with lying, intreating,
And making ſuch ſpeeches which ſcarce bear repeating:
A woman unmarried was uſeleſs he ſaid,
Was juſt like a needle without any thread.
Derry down, &c.

When the prieſt ſhould have tack'd them together, he cry'd,
For her palate, when dainty, he'd nicely provide;
Tho' to turkeys and capons he could not aſpire,
She might always be ſure of a gooſe at the fire.
Derry down, &c.

As ſhe work'd, he commended her fingers ſo nimble,
And ſware that her eyes were more bright than her thimble;
Though ſmall was his wit, he ſo acted his part,
That I know not how 'twas but he cabag'd her heart.
Derry down, &c.

Away hand in hand, to the chapel they went,
Nor appear'd in her viſage the leaſt diſcontent,
None but death could the conjugal knot have unty'd,
For croſs-legg'd together they ſtitch'd till they dy'd.
Derry down, &c.

CXCVII.

A FAVOURITE AIR IN MIDAS.

JOVE in his chair, of the ſky Lord May'r,
With his nods man and gods keep in awe,
When he winks, heaven ſhrinks,
When he ſpeaks, hell ſqueaks;
Earth's globe is but his taw.
Cock of the ſchool, he bears deſpotic rule,
His word tho' abſurd muſt be law,
Even fate, tho' ſo great,
Muſt not prate his bald pate,
Jove would cuff he's ſo bluff for a ſtraw;
Cow'd deities, like mice in cheeſe,
To ſtir muſt ceaſe, or gnaw.

CXCVIII.

ROBIN HOOD.

AS blith as the linnet ſings in the green-wood,
So blith we'll wake, we'll wake the morn,
So blith, &c.

And thro' the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
We'll wind the bugle, bugle horn,
We'll wind, &c.
The Sheriff attempts to take bold Robin Hood;
Bold Robin diſdains to fly.
Bold, &c.
Let him come when he will, we'll in merry Sherwood,
Or vanquiſh, boys, or die.
Or vanquiſh, boys, or die.

Our hearts they are ſtout, and our bows they are good,
And well their maſters know.
And well, &c.
They're cut in the foreſt of merry Sherwood,
And ne'er will ſpare a foe.
And, &c.
Our arrows ſhall drink of the fallow deer's blood,
We'll hunt them o'er the plain,
We'll, &c.
And thro' the wide foreſt of merry Sherwood,
No ſhaft ſhall fly in vain.
No, &c.
Brave Scarlet and John, who were never ſubdu'd,
Gave each his hand ſo bold.
Gave, &c.

We'll range thro' the foreſt of merry Sherwood;
What ſay my heart of gold?
What, &c.

CXCIX.

A FAVOURITE AIR IN MIDAS.

A Pox of your beauty about this or that,
Your ſhrieking or ſqueaking a ſharp or a flat;
I'm ſharp by my bumpers, you're flat, Mr Pol,
So here goes a ſet-to at toll-de-roll loll.

When beauty her pack of poor lovers would hamper,
And after Miſs Will o' the Whip the fools ſcamper,
Ding dong, in ſing ſong, they the lady extol;
Pray what's all this fuſs for, but—doll-de-roll loll.

Mankind are a medley—a chance medley race;
All ſtart in full cry to give dame Fortune chace;
There's catch as catch can, hit or miſs, luck is all,
And luck's the beſt tune of life's toll-de-roll loll.

I've done pleaſe your worſhip, 'tis rather too long,
I only meant life is but an old ſong;
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll,
Where all act the ſcene of toll-doll-de-roll.

CC.

JENNY.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

AS on Tay's banks I wander'd, in ſearch of my fair,
How ſmooth was the ſtream! and how ſoft was the air!
To nothing but thee ſuch a ſcene I compare;
And thee it reſembles dear Jenny.

The deep chryſtal wave was a type of thy face,
(I thought it ſo clear it might ſerve for thy glaſs)
And the curls that were there for thy dimples might paſs,
I vow'd 'twas the picture of Jenny.

Methought it took in all the charms of my mind,
To virtue, to love, and to pity inclin'd,
The tender ſoft paſſions that feel no rude wind;
For calm is the boſom of Jenny.

All pleas'd with the proſpect, I wiſh'd the bright maid
Cou'd have ſeen her dear ſelf in this mirror diſplay'd,
'Twas like her when laſt the ſweet girl I ſurvey'd;
Like none it could be but my Jenny.

But ſudden a tempeſt I ne'er ſaw before,
Made the billows ariſe, and the waves foam and roar:
I thought that I ſcarcely was ſafe on the ſhore:
Ah me! even then it was Jenny.

The ſame dreadful ſight, when to ſpleen you're inclin'd,
When to me you are croſs, and to others are kind:
But never, dear girl, raiſe the ſtorm in your mind;
'Twill kill me, believe me dear Jenny.

CCI.

DAMON AND PHILLIS.

COME tell me, dear Phillis, come tell me, I pray,
Muſt Damon e'er hope for your love?
Muſt Damon, &c.
The truth of my paſſion my ſighs do betray;
Will nothing your coldneſs remove?

Ah! call to your mind the laſt Sunday in May,
When Thyrſis his paſſion preferr'd;
You ſeem'd all attention to what he did ſay,
With pleaſure his ſonnet you heard.

O let not dire jealouſy torture your breaſt,
Said Phillis, and feigned a ſmile;
A prudent reſerve I have ever held beſt,
Since men are ſo prone to beguile.

Now let not that odium extend to us all,
Which only belongs to a few;
True love pleads my ſuit, pray attend to the call,
I ne'er can prove faithleſs to you.
I ne'er can prove faithleſs to you.

CCII.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE laſt time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me;
Ye pow'rs what pain do I endure,
When ſoft ideas mind me?
Soon as the ruddy morn diſplay'd
The beaming day enſuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling ſhade we lay,
Gazing and chaſtly ſporting;

We kiſs'd and promis'd time away,
'Till night ſpread her dark curtain.
I pitied all beneath the ſkies,
Ev'n kings when ſhe was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal ſteel may wound me,
Or caſt upon ſome foreign ſhore,
Where dangers may ſurround me:
Yet hopes again to ſee my love,
To feaſt on glowing kiſſes,
Shall make my care at diſtance move,
In proſpect of ſuch bliſſes.

In all my ſoul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since ſhe excells in ev'ry grace,
In her my love ſhall center.
Sooner the ſeas ſhall ceaſe to flow,
Their waves the Alps ſhall cover,
On Greenland ice ſhall roſes grow,
Before I ceaſe to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She ſhall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's ſacred bonds ſhall chain
My heart to her fair boſom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more freſh ſhall bloſſom.

CCIII.

YOUNG JAMIE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WHERE new-mown hay, on winding Tay,
The ſweets of ſpring diſcloſes,
As I one morning ſinging lay,
Upon a bank of roſes,
Young Jamie, ſkipping o'er the mead,
By good luck chanc'd to ſpy me;
He took his bonnet off his head
And gently ſat down by me.
O my bonny Jamie, O!
I care not though the world ſhould know
How dearly I love my Jamie O!

The ſwain though I right meikle prize,
Yet now I wadna ken him,
But with a frown my heart diſguiſe,
And ſtrave awa' to ſend him;
But fondly he ſtill nearer preſs'd,
And at my feet down lying;
His beating heart it thump'd ſo faſt,
I thought the lad was dying.
O my bonny Jamie, &c.

But ſtill reſolving to deny,
And angry accents feigning,
I often roughly ſhot him by,
With words fou of diſdaining;
He ſeiz'd my hand and nearer drew,
And gently chiding on my pride;
So ſweetly did the ſhepherd vow,
I bluſhing vow'd to be his bride.
O my bonny Jamie, &c.

CCIV.

FY GAR RUB HER O'ER WI' STRAE.

GIN ye meet a bonny laſſie,
Gie her a kiſs and let her gae;

But if you meet a dirty huſſy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' ſtrae,
Be ſure ye dinna quit the grip,
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartſome time;
Then, lads and laſſes, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the firſt minutes of delyte,
When Jenny ſpeaks beneath her breath,
And kiſſes, laying a' the wyte
On you, if ſhe kepp ony ſkaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, ſhe'll ſmiling ſay,
Ye worry me, ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms ſhe'll rin away,
And hide herſel' in ſome dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lyes the happineſs ye want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
"Nineteen nay-ſays are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bofom cling,
And ſweetly toolie for a kiſs;
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliſs.
Theſe beniſons, I'm very ſure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;
Then, ſurly carles, whiſh't, forbear,
To pleague us wi' your whining cant.

CCV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

WROTE BY A YOUNG LADY.

NO more I'll dread love's fatal dart,
It once had pierc'd my breaſt;
But I've regain'd my long loſt heart,
And with it peace and reſt.

Ye pow'rs no more will I be caught
In Cupid's ſubtle ſnare,
To feel each agonizing thought
Excited by deſpair.

This heart which Strephon once poſſeſs'd,
His perfidy ſet free,

And now I am ſupremely bleſs'd
With charming liberty.

CCVI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

MY Sandy is the ſweeteſt ſwain,
That ever pip'd on Tay,
He tends his ſheep on verdant plains,
And chears me all the day:
For Oh! he is ſo blyth a lad,
A bylyther canna be;
Whene'er he's nigh, my heart is glad,
For dearly he loves me.

As on a moſſy bank we ſat,
Beneath a fragrant ſhade,
The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
And on his bagpipe play'd:
For Oh! he is, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
And calls me his own Peggy too;
He vows by all that's good and fair,
To me he will prove true.
For Oh! he is, &c.

So I will prize my lovely ſwain,
And yield to be his wife;
Then bid adieu to care and pain,
And ſo be bleſs'd for life.
For Oh! he is, &c.

CCVII.

PLATO's ADVICE.

SAYS Plato, Why ſhould man be vain?
Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great,
Why look with inſolent diſdain
On thoſe undeck'd with wealth or ſtate?
Can coſtly robes or beds of down,
Or all the gems that deck the fair;
Can all the glories of a crown
Give health, or eaſe the brow of care!

The ſcepter'd king, the burden'd ſlave,
The humble, and the haughty die;
The rich, the poor, the baſe, the brave,
In duſt without diſtinction, lie.
Go ſearch the tombs where monarchs reſt,
Who once the greateſt titles wore,
Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the ſkies,
And ſpreads along a gilded train:
When ſhot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
Diſſolves to common air again.
So 'tis with us, my jovial ſouls—
Let friendſhip reign, while here we ſtay:
Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
When Jove commands we muſt obey.

CCVIII.

MAD TOM.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

FORTH from my dark and diſmal cell;
Or from the deep abyſs of hell,
Mad Tom is come, to view this world again,
To ſee if he can eaſe his diſtemper'd brain.
Fears and cares oppreſs my ſoul,
Hark! how the angry furies howl;
Pluto does laugh, and Proſerpine is glad,
To ſee poor naked Tom in Bedlam mad.
Thro' the world I wander night and day,
To find my ſtraggling ſenſes;
In an angry mood I meet old Time,
With a Pentateuch of tenſes,

When me he ſpies, away he flies,
For time will wait for no man.
In vain with cries, I rend the ſkies,
For pity is uncommon.
Cold and comfortleſs I lye,
Help, O help, or elſe I die!
Hark I hear Apollo's team,
The carman 'gins to whiſtle;
Chaſte Diana bends her bow,
The boar begins to briſtle.
Come Vulcan, with tools and with tackle,
And knock off my troubleſome ſhackle:
Let Charles make ready his wain,
To bring me my ſenſes again.

Let Charles, &c.

Laſt night I heard the dog-ſtar bark;
Mars met Venus in the dark;
Limping Vulcan heat an iron bar,
And furiouſly ran at the god of war;
Mars with his weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's temples had got the gout;
His huge horns did ſo hang in his ſight,
That he could not ſee to aim his blows aright:
Mercury the nimble poſt of heaven,
Stood ſtill to ſee the quarrel;

Jolly Bacchus giant-like
Beſtrode a good wine barrel,
He to me drank I did him thank,
But I could get no Cyder;
He drank whole butts, and burſt his guts,
But mine were ne'er the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry,
Some little drink for charity.
Hark I hear Actæon's hounds,
The huntſman whoops and hallows,
Ringwod, Royſton, Bowman, Fowler,
All the chace now follows.
The man in the moon drinks claret,
Eats powder'd beef, turnips and carrot;
But a cup of old Malaga ſack
Would fire the buſh on his back.
But a cup, &c.

In my triumphant chariot hurl'd,
I'll range around this ſpacious world:
I'll from it's orb pluck every ſtar,
And with the ſigns wage mighty war;
What though the ſceptre that I bear,
Be nothing elſe but dream and air,
And though confin'd to beds of ſtraw,
Yet to the world I can give law.

I'll ſail upon the dog-ſtar ſoon,
And then purſue the morning;
I'll chace the moon 'till it is noon,
And make her leave her horning;
I'll climb the mountain ſteep and high,
And there I'll coin the weather;
I'll tear the rainbow from the ſky,
And tie both ends together.
Now to my royal throne I'm come,
Bow, bow, ye ſlaves, it's I, Mad Tom.
When I mount yon blue Cœlum
To ſhun the tempting gipſies;
Play at foot-ball with ſun and moon,
And fright ye with eclipſes.
Riſe, ſtart from your magical ſlumber,
Perform mighty deeds without number;
Teach fools that with ſceptres bear ſway,
A mad-man's more powerful than they.
Teach fools, &c.

CCIX.

VAUXHALL BALLAD.

IN a ſycamore ſhade, as I ſat t'other day;
As blithe as the birds in the grove;

It happen'd young Damon was walking that way,
Who often had hinted his love.
I ran to be gone, as I ſaw him appear,
When kneeling he begg'd I'd not fly;
So ſoft were his accents, they baniſh'd my fear,
I could not the ſhepherd deny.

He begg'd me to ſtay, whilſt his wiſh he expreſs'd,
And ſwore that he meant me no harm;
My hand to his boſom he eagerly preſs'd,
Which, throbbing, confeſs'd the alarm.
My cheek he declar'd wore the bluſh of the roſe,
My hand with the lily might vie;
That my breath was much ſweeter than either of thoſe;
All this I was forc'd to deny.

He ſaid he ſhould languiſh, and die with deſpair,
Unleſs I requitted his love;
And pray'd me to end all his ſorrow and care,
For truer no ſwain e'er could prove:
He begg'd that a day I would ſpeedily name,
And waited to hear my reply;
My bluſhes confeſs'd that I felt all his flame,
Nor could I the ſhepherd deny.

Next morn to the church with my Damon I went,
And gave him my hand and my heart;
E'er ſince have my days been in happineſs ſpent,
Which Hymen alone can impart.
Then hear me, ye nymphs, who are youthful and gay,
From the ſhepherd you love never fly;
The ſpring of your lives will ſoon glide away;
Beware, leſt too oft you deny.

CCX.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—WHEN ANNIE FROM THE SEA BEACH CAME.

WHEN thro' yon field, I take my way,
Led by the breeze that gently blows,
Along the lovely banks of Tay,
Where the rich meadows verdure, glows.

Behold the proſpect bids the muſe
Throw forth her beauty; ſing the lay,
Of rural ſcenes, of ſwelling brooks,
And lovely windings of the Tay.

Amidſt creation can we boaſt,
Such ſcenes! and flow'rs of ſuch a dye,

Or match ſuch landſkip, while it glides,
Athwart imagination's eye.

Thus let me wander through the mead,
Along the humid banks of Tay,
So richly deck'd; and let my ſong,
Dwell on this theme the live long day.

CCXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THIS world is a ſtage, wherein mankind engage,
And each acts his part in a throng,
But all is confuſion, mere folly, deluſion,
And in fact nothing elſe but a ſong,
And in, &c.

The Parſon, ſo grave, ſays your ſoul he will ſave,
And points out the right from the wrong;
With a long winded preaching and piouſly teaching,
He ſets off his flock with a ſong.
He ſets, &c.

The Doctor he'll fill you with bolus and pills,
In aſſurance to make you live long;
But believe me 'tis true, the guinea's in view,
And the reſt of his art's but a ſong.
And the, &c.

In quirks and in quibbles, the Lawyer he ſcribbles
And moves his malevolent tongue;
'Twixt demure and vacation he'll raiſe expectation,
'Till he ſink your eſtate in a ſong.
Till, &c.

The merchant intent, on his twenty per cent,
To him ledger and journal belong;
Commiſſion and charges, his profit enlarges,
But the ballance oft ends in a ſong.
But the, &c.

The gentle Coquette, ſhe's all in a fret,
In the morning her toilet is wrong;
All day ſhe does paſs to conſult her dear glaſs,
And at night dies away in a ſong.
And at, &c.

Come let us be jolly, drive hence melancholy,
Since we are got,---brave boys,---among;

Come fill up your glaſſes, and drink to your laſſe,
And let each merry lad ſing a Song.
And let, &c.

CCXII.

THE NEW WAY OF THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AH! ſure a pair was never ſeen,
So juſtly form'd to meet by nature;
The youth excelling ſo in mein,
The maid in every graceful feature:

CHORUS.

O how happy are ſuch lovers,
When kindred beauties each diſcovers,
For ſurely ſhe was made for thee,
And thou to bleſs the charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thine,
Will early learn the taſk of duty:
The boys with all their father's ſenſe;
The girls with all their mother's beauty.

CHORUS.

O how charming to inherit,
At once ſuch graces and ſuch ſpirits,
Thus while you live may fortune give,
Each bleſſing equal to your merit.

CCXIII.

DONNEL AND FLORA.

ON THE LATE MISFORTUNE OF
GENERAL BURGOYNE AND HIS GALLANT ARMY.

BY A LADY.

WHEN merry hearts were gay,
Careleſs of ought but play,
Poor Flora ſlipt away,
Sadd'ning to Mora * :
Looſe flow'd her coal-black hair,
Quick heav'd her boſom bare,
And thus to the troubled air,
She vented her ſorrow.

'Loud howls the northern blaſt;
'Bleak is the dreary waſte;
'Haſte then, O Donnel haſte,
'Haſte to thy Flora!

* A valley in Athole ſo nam'd by the two lovers.

'Twice twelve long months are o'er
'Since in a foreign ſhore,
'You promis'd to fight no more,
'But meet me in Mora.

'Where now is Donnel dear?
(Maids cry with taunting ſneer)
'Say is he ſtill ſincere
To his lov'd Flora!
'Parents upbraid my moan;
'Each heart is turn'd to ſtone.
'Ah! Flora, thou'rt now alone
'Friendleſs in Mora!

'Come then, O come away,
'Donnel, no longer ſtay:
'Where can my rover ſtray
'From his dear Flora?
'Ah! ſure he ne'er cou'd be
'Falſe to his vows and me:
'O Heaven!—is not yonder he
'Bounding in Mora!

'Never, O wretched fair,
(Sigh'd the ſad meſſenger.)
'Never ſhall Donnel mair
'Meet his lov'd Flora.

'Cold, cold beyond the main,
'Donnel thy love lyes ſlain,
'He ſent me to ſooth thy pain,
'Weeping in Mora.

'Well fought our gallant men,
'Headed by brave Burgoyne,
'Our heroes were thrice led on
'To Britiſh glory.
'But ah! though our foes did flee,
'Sad was the loſs to thee,
'While ev'ry freſh victory
'Drown'd us in ſorrow.

"Here take this truſty blade,
(Donnel expiring ſaid)
"Give it to yon dear maid
"Weeping in Mora.
"Tell her O Allan, tell
"Donnel thus bravely fell,
"And that in his laſt farewell
"He thought on his Flora."

Mute ſtood the trembling fair,
Speechleſs with wild deſpair,
Then ſtriking her boſom bare
Sigh'd out, poor Flora.

O Donnel! Oh welladay!
Was all the fond heart could ſay;
At length the ſound died away
Feebly in Mora.

CCXIV.

A FAVOURITE AIR.

FROM LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HENCE with cares, complaints and frowning,
Welcome jollity and joy;
Ev'ry grief in pleaſure drowning,
Mirth this happy night employ:
Let's to friendſhip do our duty,
Laugh and ſing ſome good old ſtrain;
Drink a health to love and beauty,
May they long in triumph reign.

CCXV.

BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

HOW blyth, ilk' morn, was I to ſee
My ſwain come o'er the hill!
He ſkipt the burn, and flew to me;
I met him wi' good will.

CHORUS.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were wi' my dear ſwain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my ſheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed ſae ſweet,
The birds ſtood liſt'ning by;
Ev'n the dull cattle ſtood and gaz'd
Charm'd wi' his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we ſpent our time by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envy'd not the faireſt dame,
Tho, ne'er ſo rich and gay.
O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I ſhou'd baniſh'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,

[Becauſe I lov'd the kindeſt ſwain
That ever yet was born!
O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be?
He ſtaw my heart; cou'd I refuſe
Whate'er he aſk'd of me?
O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee ſoup whey,
My plaidy, broch, and crooked ſtick,
May now lye uſeleſs by.
O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleaſures there;
Ye gods, reſtore to me my ſwain,
Is a' I crave, or care.

CHORUS.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
The broom o' Cowdenknows;
I wiſh I were wi' my dear ſwain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

CCXVI.

GALLOWSHIELS.

AH the ſhepherd's mournful fate!
When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languiſh,
To bear the ſcornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare diſcloſe his anguiſh!
Yet eager looks and dying ſighs,
My ſecret ſoul diſcover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her.

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erſpread with riſing bluſhes,
A thouſand various ways they ſpeak,
A thouſand various wiſhes.
For oh! that form ſo heavenly fair,
Thoſe languid eyes ſo ſweetly ſmiling;
That artleſs bluſh, and modeſt air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still my hopes purſue thee.

Then when my tedious hours are paſt,
Be this laſt bleſſing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my laſt,
And die in ſight of heaven.

CCXVII.

COME JOLLY BACCHUS.

Tune,—CHARLES OF SWEDEN.

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleaſure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To deſtroy our pleaſure.

Fill up the mighty ſparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal ſoul
May drink and ſing without controul,
To ſupport our pleaſure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, ſhalt thou be
Guardian to our pleaſure,
That under thy protection we
May enjoy new pleaſure.

And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their ſtay,
And ſing thy praiſes, that we may
Live and die with pleaſure.

CCXVIII.

LOVELY PEGGY.

ONCE more, I'll tune the vocal ſhell,
To hills and dales my paſſion tell,
A flame which time can never quell,
But burns for thee, my Peggy.
You greater bards your lyre ſhould hit;
For ſay, what ſubject is more fit,
Than to record the ſparkling wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy?

The ſun firſt riſing in the morn,
That paints the dew-beſpangled thorn,
Does not ſo much the day adorn
As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis' lap to reſt,
He ſtreaks with gold the ruddy weſt,
He's not ſo beauteous as, undreſt
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Was ſhe array'd in ruſtic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,
To pleaſe my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when ſhe's in my ſight;
But when ſhe's gone, 'tis endleſs night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damaſk roſe,
They do not half the ſweets diſcloſe,
As does my lovely Peggy.
I ſtole a kiſs the other day,
And (truſt me) nought but truth I ſay,
The fragrance of the blooming May
Was not ſo ſweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or ſtately ſwans the waters love,
So long ſhall I love Peggy.
And when death lifts his pointed dart
To ſtrike the blow that rends my heart,
My words ſhall be, when I depart,
Adieu! my lovely Peggy.

CCXIX.

PINKY HOUSE.

BY Pinky houſe oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly ſweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Thoſe graces void of art!
Thoſe chearful ſmiles that ſweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come my love! and bring anew,
That gentle turn of mind;
That gracefulneſs of air, in you,
By nature's hand deſign'd:
That beauty, like the bluſhing roſe,
Firſt lighted up this flame;
Which, like the ſun, for ever glows
Within my breaſt the ſame!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How ſeldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!

O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
That ſweet, that graceful eaſe;
That bluſhing modeſty that warms,
That native art to pleaſe.

Come then, my love! O come along!
And feed me with thy charms;
Come, fair inſpirer of my ſong,
O fill my longing arms!
A flame like mine can never die,
While charms, ſo bright as thine,
So heavenly fair, both pleaſe the eye,
And fill the ſoul divine!

CCXX.

SONS OF CARE.

BY the gayly circling glaſs
We can ſee how minutes paſs;
By the hollow caſk are told,
How the waning night grows old.
How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too ſoon, the buſy day,
Drives us from our ſports away;

What have we with day to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Come, then, fill the chearful glaſs,
Truth is only found in wine:
Tales of love are all a farce,
But true friendſhip is divine.
But true friendſhip is divine.

CCXXI.

MY HEART's MY AIN.

'TIS nae very lang ſinſyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain,
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
The laſs he's courting has ſiller,
And I hae nane at a';
And it's nought but the love of the tocher,
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I'm blithe that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,

Until that I meet wi' a lad,
Who has sense to wale a good wife.
For though I say't myself,
That shou'd na say't, 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er has occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Tho' I've seldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myself.
And when I am clad in my curtsy,
I think myself as braw
As Susie, wi' a her pearling,
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willy does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blithe that I've miss'd him,
As blithe as I weel can be;
For ane that's sae keen o' the siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant;

The wee thing I ha'e I'll make use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when ta had and to gi'en
For whinging and cringing for siller
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom so happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

CCXXII.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman
Pe auld as Pothwell prig man,
An mony alteration seen,
Amang te Lawland Whig, man.

Fal lal, &c.

Firſt when her to the Lawlands came,
Nainſell was driving cows, man:
There was nae laws about him's nerſe,
About the preeks or trews, man.

Nainſell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her ſhoulder;
The gude claymore hung pe her pelt,
The piſtol ſharg'd wi' pouder.

But for whereas theſe curſed preeks,
Wherewith her nerſe be lockit,
O hon! that e'er ſhe ſaw the day!
For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in the Highlands now
Pe turn'd to alteration;
The ſodger dwall at our door ſheek,
And tat's the great vexation.

Scotland be turn'd a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger:
Nainſell wad durk him for her deeds,
But oh ſhe fears te ſoger.

Anither law came after that,
Me never ſaw the like, man;

They mak' a lang road on the crund,
And ca' him Turnimſpike, man.

An' wow ſhe pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They ſharge a penny for ilka horſe,
In troth ſhe'll no be ſheaper,
For nought but ga'en upo' the crund,
And they gi'e me a paper.

They tak' te horſe t'en py te head,
And t'ere they mak' him ſtand, man;
I tell'd them that I ſeen te day
He had nae ſic command, man.

Nae doubts Nainſell maun tra' her purſe,
And pay them what hims like, man;
I'll ſee a ſhugement on his toor,
T'at filthy Turnimſpike, man.

But I'll awa' to the Highland hills,
Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimſpike,
Unleſs it pe to purn her.

CCXXIII.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

SUNG BY MISS CATLEY.

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
Dear ſhe lo'ed the well known ſong,
While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
Sung her praiſe the whole day long.
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Coſtly claiths ſhe had but few;
Of rings and jewels nae great ſtore,
Her face was fair, her love was true,
And Johnny wiſely wiſh'd nae mair:
Love's the pearl the ſhepherd's prize,
O'er the mountain, near the fountain,
Love delights the ſhepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
And Johnny cou'd nae theſe impart;
Youthfu' Mary's greateſt wealth
Was ſtill her faithfu' Johnny's heart:
Sweet the joys the lovers find,
Great the treaſure, ſweet the pleaſure,
Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

CCXXIV.

CUPID TRIUMPHANT.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
Sing and love, and laugh with me;
Cupid is my theme of ſtory,
'Tis his godſhip's praiſe and glory,
How all yield into his law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupid takes his ſhare of play:
He makes heroes quit their glory,
He's the god moſt fam'd in ſtory;
Bending then into his law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over paſſions,
Not regarding modes or faſhions,
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

You may doubt theſe things are true;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you:
Then ye men and maids be wary
How you meet before you marry,
Cupid's will is ſolely law.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

CCXXV.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring ſailor plows the main,
A competence in life to gain,
Undaunted braves the ſtormy ſeas,
To find at length content and eaſe.
In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
To anchor on his native ſhore.
In hopes, &c.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
And thunder ſhakes from pole to pole,
When dreadful waves ſurrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
In hopes, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early ſcenes of youth renew,
Tho' each his favourite fair will boaſt.
This is their univerſal toaſt:
May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
Caſt anchor on our native ſhore.
May we, &c.

CCXXVI.

ANNA's URN.

ENCOMPASS'D in an angel's frame,
An angel's virtues lay;
Too ſoon did heav'n aſſert its claim,
And call'd it's own away.
My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
Can never more return:
What then ſhall fill theſe widow'd arms,
Ah me! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliſs refind,
Which bleſt with her I knew?
Our hearts in ſacred bonds entwin'd
Were bound by love too true.
That rural train which once were us'd
In feſtive dance to turn,
So pleas'd when Anna they amus'd,
Now weeping deck her urn.

The ſoul eſcaping from its chain,
She claſp'd me to her breaſt,
To part with thee is all my pain,
She cried, then ſunk to reſt.
While mem'ry ſhall her ſeat retain,
From beauteous Anna torn,
My heart ſhall breath its ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Of ſorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earlieſt dawn, a dove
Laments her murder'd mate;
There Philomela, loſt to love,
Tells the pale moon her fate.
With yew and ivy round me ſpread,
My Anna there I'll mourn;
For all my ſoul, now ſhe is dead,
Concenters in her urn.

CCXXVII.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WHEN ſummer comes the ſwains on Tweed,
Sing their ſucceſsful loves;
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And muſic fills the groves:
But my lov'd-ſong is then the broom,
So fair on Coudenknows.
For ſure, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.
O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
The broom on Coudenknows,
For, ſure, ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a bloom,
Elſewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart;
No ſhepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
Could play with half ſuch art.
He ſang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader's haughs, and Leader's ſide,
O how I bleſs'd the ſound!
O the broom, &c.

Not Teviot's braes, ſo green and gay,
May with this broom compare;
Not Yarrow's banks in flow'ry May,
Nor buſh aboon Traquair:
More pleaſing far are Coudenknows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes
At eve among the broom.
O the broom, &c.

CCXXVIII.

PUSH ABOUT THE JORUM.

SUNG BY MISS CATLEY.

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gameorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule,
Is puſh about the jorum.

With fiſt on jug,
Coifs who can lug?
Or ſhew me that glibe ſpeaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.

CCXXIX.

QUEEN MARY's LAMENTATION.

SUNG BY SIG. TENDUCCI.

I Sigh and lament me in vain,
  Theſe walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it increaſes my pain,
  When I think of the days that are gone.
Through the gate of my priſon I ſee,
  The birds as they wanton in air,
My heart how it pants to be free,
  My looks they are wild with deſpair.

Above the oppreſs'd by my fate,
  I burn with contempt for my foes,
Though Fortune has alter'd my ſtate,
  She ne'er can ſubdue me to thoſe.
Falſe woman, in ages to come
  Thy malice deteſted ſhall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
  Some heart ſtill will ſorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and diſmay,
  With ſilence and ſolitude dwell;

How comfortleſs paſſes the day,
  How ſad tolls the evening bell.
The owls from the battlements cry,
  Hollow winds ſeem to murmur around,
O Mary, prepare thee to die,
  My blood it runs cold at the ſound.

CCXXX.

THE MAID's COMPLAINT.

Tune—NO DOMINIES FOR ME.

NOW I muſt ſigh,
  And woful cry,
For my love ſlighted me, laſſie;
He's prov'd untrue,
And brake his vow,
That he would marry me, laſſie.

Where can I go,
To hide my woe?
To whom can I complain, laſſie;
My lover run,
My friends me ſhun,
And treat me with diſdain, laſſie

How fooliſh ſhe;
Whom, dup'd like me,
Falſe, flattering men betray, laſſie;
Their end once gain'd,
She's ſoon diſdain'd,
And left to pine away, laſſie.

Too fond his love,
To conſtant prove,
In it too happy I, laſſie;
Well might I know,
Nought here below
So pleaſing was for ay, laſſie.

In pleaſing dreams
By murmuring ſtreams,
I paſs'd away the day, laſſie;
And when the light
Gave place to night,
I'd with my charmer ſtray, laſſie.

But now all fled,
My joys are dead;
Oft for my crime I ſigh, laſſie;
When on't I think,
My ſpirits ſink,
I ſit me down and cry, laſſie.

But my ſweet babe,
For whoſe dear ſake
I ſuffer all this ill, laſſie;
Shall on me ſmile,
And time beguile,
And be ſome comfort ſtill, laſſie.

CCXXXI.

AN OLD MAID's ADVICE.

Tune—HUMOURS OF GLEN.

YE young maids ſo ſprightly,
And widows ſo ſightly,
Who wiſh to be marry'd, my counſel attend;
Come hear an old maiden,
Deſerted, forſaken,
Adviſe you to liſten to humours of glen.
When I was a young one, I flounced, I bounced,
Diſdained the offers of ſeveral young men;
I thought it ſo airy, my head high to carry;
And never to marry for humours of glen.

But now in my turn,
Grown old and infirm,
I'm held in great ſcorn by jolly young men:

And there goes old ſunty,
They jeeringly taunt me,
Who never would hearken to humours of glen;
Her grey hair all borrow'd,
Her cheeks thin and furrow'd,
Her wan lips diſcolour'd invite not young men,
Her breaſt flat and wither'd,
Love's flame there long ſmother'd,
Retains no more moiſture for humours of glen.

Then mark well, dear laſſes,
When you look in your glaſſes,
And ſee in your faces the humours of glen;
That then is the ſeaſon,
And high time in reaſon,
To jump at the offers of worthy young men.
Be neither too haughty,
By no means be naughty,
When courted and teized by wanton young men,
If haughty, they leave you,
If naughty, they reave you
Of honour, and ſpoil all your humours of glen.

Careſs with diſcretion,
And ſome reſervation,
Shew no inclination to rakiſh young men;

Nor old rich contractors,
With parents for daughters,
They'll ne'er prove good actors at humours of glee.
The youth, whose pure passion
Is not rais'd by fashion,
To court for a fortune, your favour should gain;
For such will give pleasure,
And be nobler treasure,
Than they, who for money wed, ever attain.

CCXXXII.

THE LIFE WE LOVE.

A GLEE.

COME, let us join in cheerful song,
To celebrate the life we love;
And while we take our drink along,
How can we better it improve?
Since mirth and drinking
Keep from thinking
On the toils we must endure;
How can we better
Mend the matter,
Than drown the ills we cannot cure?

CCXXXIII.

SCANT OF LOVE, WANT OF LOVE.

BY A LADY.

THE auld man he courted me,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man he courted me,
Thoughtleſs as I am;
And I for the ſake of pelf,
Yielded to give myſelf
To the cauld arms of
The ſilly auld man.

The auld man did marry me,
Scant of love, want of love,
The auld man did marry me,
Wanton as I am;
The auld man did marry me,
And home did carry me:
Never, never while you live
Wed an auld man.

The auld man and I went to bed,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man and I went to bed,
Handſome as I am:

The auld man and I went to bed,
But he neither did nor ſaid,
What brides expects when laid,
By a gudeman.

The auld man ſoon fell aſleep,
Scant of love, want of love;
The auld man ſoon fell aſleep,
Left me as I am;
The auld man ſoon fell aſleep,
Think you that I would weep?
No—but I ſtraight did creep
To a young man;

Where I lay all the night,
No ſcant, no want of love;
Where I lay all the night,
Who ſo happy then?
Where I lay all the night,
In raptures and delight;
So ſhould all young wives treat
Fumbling auld men.

END OF THE SONGS.

CATCHES.

ON SOPHOCLES, BY SIMONIDES.

FOR THREE VOICES.

WIND gentle ever-green to form a ſhade
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid,
Sweet ivy wind thy boughs and intertwine
With bluſhing roſes and the cluſtering vine:
Thus will thy laſting leaves with beauties hung,
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung.

GABRIEL JOHN.

FOR THREE VOICES.

UNDER this ſtone, lyes Gabriel John,
In the year of our Lord one thouſand and one,
Cover his head with turf or ſtone,
'Tis all one, 'tis all one, with turf or ſtone, 'tis all one;
Pray for the ſoul of gentle John,
If you pleaſe you may, or let it alone, 'tis all one.

QUOTH JACK ON A TIME.

QUOTH Jack on a time to Tom I'll declare it,
I've a mind we ſhould fuddle our noſes with claret;
Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think,
Fie on you, ſays Jack, who can live without drink?
I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy diſpoſe.
Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his noſe.

COME FRIENDS AND COMPANIONS.

FOR THREE VOICES.

COME friends and companions, let's take a full glaſs,
And each drink a health to his favourite laſs,
And each drink a health,
And each drink a health,
And each drink a health to his favourite laſs,
And each drink a health to his favourite laſs.

With wine and with love let the evening be crown'd,
Let no envy or diſcord among us be found,
With hearts free from trouble we chearfully ſing,
Huzza for our country! huzza for our king!
Huzza for our country! huzza for our king!

A BOAT UNTO THE FERRY.

FOR THREE VOICES.

A Boat, a boat unto the ferry,
For we came here for to be merry,
To laugh and quaff and drink old cherry.

NOW WE ARE MET.

FOR THREE VOICES.

NOW, now we are met,
And humours agree,
Call, call for wine,
And loſe no time,
But let's merry be;

Fill, fill it about,
To me let it come,
Fill the glaſs to the top,
I'll drink every drop,
Supernaculum.

A health to the king,
Round, round let it paſs,
Fill it up, and then,
Drink it off like men,
Never baulk your glaſs.

FOLLOW ME.

FOR THREE VOICES.

FOLLOW, follow, follow, follow,
Follow, follow, follow, follow me.
Whither ſhall I follow, whither ſhall I follow,
Follow, follow, follow thee?
To the green-wood, to the green-wood,
To the green-wood, green-wood tree.

CHRIST-CHURCH BELLS.

FOR THREE VOICES.

HARK! the bonny Chriſt-church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, ſix,
They ſound ſo wond'rous great, ſo wond'rous ſweet,
And they trowl ſo merrily merrily.

Hark! the firſt and ſecond bell,
That ev'ry day, at four and ten,
Cries, come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs,
And the Verger trips before the Dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the ſmall bell at nine,
To call the bearers home;
But the ne'er a man will leave his can,
Till he hear the mighty tom.

GIVE THE TOAST.

FOR THREE VOICES.

GIVE the toaſt my good fellow, be jovial and gay,
And let the briſk moments paſs jocund away:
Here's the King—take your bumpers, my brave Britiſh ſouls,
Who guards your fair freedom ſhould crown your full bowls.
Let him live—long and happy—ſee Lewis brought down;
And taſte all the comforts, no cares, of a crown.

INTRODUCTION OF THE BOWL.

FOR FOUR VOICES.

SEE my boys, the fuming bowl,
Let jolly bumpers take their round,
Rapture ſeize on every ſoul,
Till loud each chearful voice reſound,
Power and wealth, beauty, health,
Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd.
Joy abound, pleaſure found,
Only when the glaſs go round.

HOW GREAT IS THE PLEASURE.

FOR THREE VOICES.

HOW great is the pleaſure, how ſweet the delight?
When ſoft love and muſic together unite.
How great is the pleaſure, how ſweet's the delight?
When love, ſoft love and muſic unite.
Sweet, ſweet, how ſweet the delight?
When harmony, ſoft harmony and love do unite.

SINCE MY PHILLIS, &c.

FOR THREE VOICES.

SINCE my Phillis has fallen has fallen to my ſhare,
In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair,
And the man here who envies me moſt,
Let him bid me ſay more, ſay more, ſay more to the toaſt,
For a larger I'll ſoon, ſoon change my cup:
To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the conſtable,
To the brim fill the conſtable,
To the brim fill the conſtable up.

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THE END.

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